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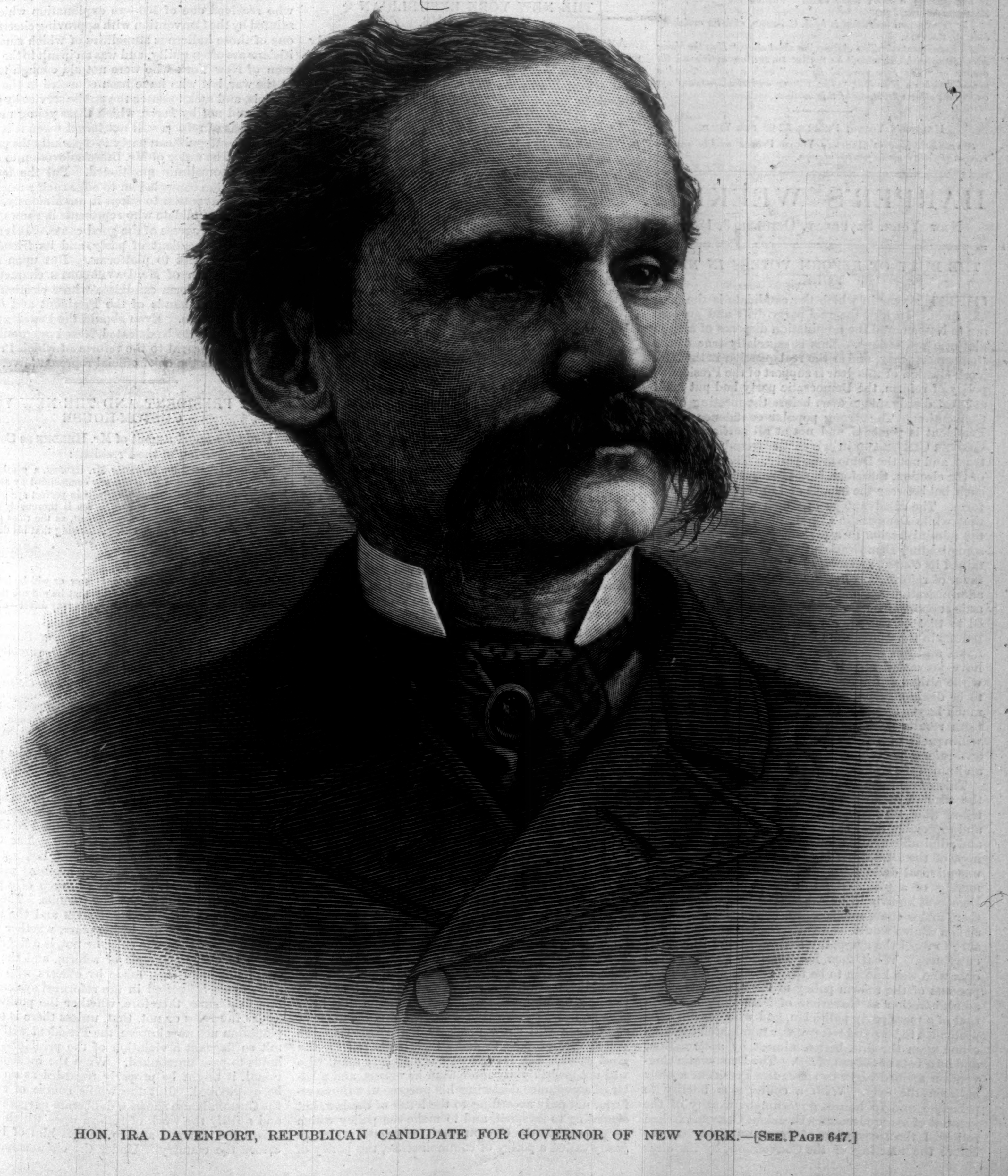

HON. IRA DAVENPORT, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 647.]

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"HOW TWO BOYS WENT TO SEE THE YACHT RACE."

It accompanies a short story called "Ted on the 'Titan,'" by MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

The front-page illustration is by J. C. BEARD, *with an article by* JOHN R. CORYELL.

An installment of "Two Arrows," a short story, "How the House Ran Away with Miranda," by SOPHIE SWETT, *an article on the author of "The Star-spangled Banner," with a portrait, and a second article on Base-Ball, "The Pitcher and His Methods," are among the other attractions of this number.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1885.

THE DUTY OF REFORM VOTERS IN NEW YORK.

THIS is a year in which the candidate is the platform. In him the real party drift and purpose are to be seen, and the nomination disposes of all the platform professions. This is especially true of the Democratic party, and as the real question in the New York election of this year is support of the President's policy of reform, the Democratic party had put itself at great disadvantage even before the meeting of its Convention. The strong popular confidence in the President is personal, and not at all partisan. It is GROVER CLEVELAND in whom the friends of reform trust, and not the Democratic party. The real contest of the election, therefore, is not between the parties as such, but between the friends and the opponents of reform. The disadvantage of which we speak is this, that while Democratic Conventions have approved the administration in a perfunctory way, and while some leading Democratic papers have earnestly sustained its course, and many Democrats are heartily in favor of reform, it is undeniable that the CLEVELAND administration has not had the cordial and enthusiastic support of the Democratic party. This fact, added to that of the greater enthusiasm for Mr. HENDRICKS in the Convention that nominated Mr. CLEVELAND, and the radical spoils tradition of the party, have prevented any trust in it as a reform party, while although the Republican has not proved itself to be distinctively a party of reform, the fact of the much larger number of reformers in its ranks, the reform results achieved in its name, and the greater willingness of reform Republicans to vote against anti-reform party candidates, have given that party an immense advantage of position.

This advantage the Republicans have improved to the utmost, while the Democrats have failed to retrieve their disadvantage. In the actual situation, and especially after the unqualified reform platform and admirable nomination of the Republicans, the sole hope of the Democrats lay in an equally strong and unequivocal declaration, and in the nomination, not merely of a party friend of the President, but of a Democrat known to be a practical reformer. Even then, under the circumstances, it was not clear that such a course would insure success, but any other was sure to repel the sympathy and support of independent voters. What, then, has been done? The candidate who was known to be the favorite of all the opponents of the reform policy of the President, whose administration as Governor of New York has been that of a mere party politician, and who has not even pretended to befriend reform, was nominated for Governor, upon the first ballot, almost by acclamation, and by a vote of 338 out of 380. The Democratic Convention seemed eager to strike the President a blow between the eyes. With a courageous fidelity to principle and to honest government worthy of the greatest of his predecessors, President CLEVELAND had followed the suspension of STERLING, a day or two before the meeting of the Convention, by his clear and strong and noble letter to Mr. EATON, on the very morning that the Convention assembled, re-affirming his principles and his purpose. The nomination was a response of defiance. There need be no misapprehension. The election of Mr. Hill would be a rebuke to the President to which no friend of reform could wish to be accessory. It would be a Democratic victory, indeed, and the President is a Democrat. But those who know the politics of New York know that it would be the triumph of the influence in the party which is most hostile to reform.

As we have said elsewhere, upon a review of the result at the Republican Convention, the election of Mr. DAVENPORT, an open friend of reform, would be the approval of the President's course by the people of his own State. The duty of civil service reformers in New York, therefore, is clear. It is to sustain the President by defeating the candidate of his party, and to comprehend that DAVENPORT'S election would not be chiefly a Republican victory, as CLEVELAND'S election was not a Democratic victory. It would be a victory of reform. The situation in New York is unmistakable and most significant. It forecasts a readjustment of party relations upon the issue of administrative reform.

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

AMONG all the candidates who were prominently mentioned for the Republican nomination for Governor of New York, Mr. DAVENPORT was probably the most acceptable to the Independent vote, which it is desired to conciliate. He is from Bath, Steuben County, in the extreme southwestern part of the State, and has served as State Senator, as Comptroller, and as Representative in Congress. He is an upright, highly intelligent, amiable, dignified gentleman, who in his public career has sympathized with the more liberal and progressive tendencies of his party. His political life has not brought him into great prominence, nor made him a conspicuous party leader. His qualities and temperament would rather incline him to an observant, quiet, and cautious part, free from "machine" morals and methods, and produce a strict, but not extreme or demonstrative, partisan. Such a man, if we estimate him carefully, would be faithful to the better sentiment of his party, of which he is himself a representative. His nomination was received with great satisfaction by Republicans, for whatever the conflict of factional feeling in the Convention, there was no suspicion of complicity, or pledges or understandings of any kind, upon the part of Mr. DAVENPORT. Intelligent and candid Democrats at once admitted the high character of the man and the excellence of the nomination, and conceded the necessity of the very best possible nomination by their own Convention if their party really hoped to succeed at the election.

The chief inquiry of Independent voters in regard to Mr. DAVENPORT would be of his position upon the question of civil service reform, which Mr. ANDREW D. WHITE says takes precedence of all others for the Republican party. Mr. DAVENPORT has not been prominently identified with the movement. But as Comptroller of the State he observed faithfully the principles of the reformed system, and in reply to a letter of the Civil Service Reform Association, just before the election of 1883, he said:

> "I will briefly say that I answer in the affirmative the questions therein contained. It has been the policy of this department to retain efficient clerks, and this policy has been observed by all Comptrollers, whether Democratic or Republican. An examination, running back for many years, of the roster of the department, as published in the State Red Book, will show names of men retained under both Democratic and Republican Comptrollers. Speaking from my experience, it would be a misfortune for the State and a serious mistake for a Comptroller to reverse this common-sense policy."

Upon his return from Europe a few weeks since, he said to a reporter of the *Herald:*

> "I have no doubt that removals have been made under the present Administration for political reasons and purposes only, but I am sure that the public sentiment throughout the country for civil service reform is so deep that no one in office will dare to flagrantly disregard it. Civil service reform has come to stay, and it will continue to gain ground. I think that at the end of Mr. CLEVELAND'S administration it will be found that civil service reform has substantially advanced."

Mr. DAVENPORT added that he did not believe that Mr. CLEVELAND would use the power of the Administration to promote the success of his party in the State, for he would naturally wish to hold the support of the Independent Republicans who voted for him last year. The friends who are most intimate with the Republican candidate, and who have the best right to speak for him, state without reservation that he is sincerely and steadfastly for reform, and his letter of acceptance will show precisely his position to the voters who propose to make their votes tell for the good cause. Mr. DAVENPORT is a sincere man, who will not probably say more than he means, and a letter of acceptance declaring his purpose to enforce reform, not only according to the letter of the law, but according to its spirit, and to make the policy which he pursued in the Comptroller's office, and which he justly called a policy of common-sense, the policy of the Executive Chamber, would be accepted, as it was accepted from Mr. CLEVELAND, as a declaration to be honestly carried out. Considering his character and convictions, and his entire freedom from damaging engagements, there is no reason to suppose that he would be overwhelmed by the pressure which, if elected, he would be sure to feel, even from leaders of his party who were instrumental in his nomination.

The selection of Mr. DAVENPORT'S associates upon the ticket shows that the Convention was fully conscious of the situation. The declaration of the platform upon the subject of reform—and its other declarations we shall consider hereafter—was as follows:

> "That the provisions of the existing civil service laws of the State and nation should be strengthened and extended to all grades of the public service to which they may be applicable, so that the selection of administrative officers in the civil service shall, so far as possible, be governed solely by capacity and fitness. We insist upon the enforcement of these laws by all public officers, not only in the letter, but also in the spirit. Honorably discharged soldiers and sailors, who are shown by competitive examination to possess the necessary requirements, should be given the preference in certification in appointment."

The comedy of the Convention was that this was reported by Mr. GEORGE BLISS to a body over which Mr. HUSTED presided, and Mr. BLISS'S reported explanation of the last sentence that it meant to prefer the soldier who received a maximum of 80 to the dude who received one of 100—an explanation which was saluted by the Convention with approving cheers—was one of those ludicrous stupidities of which smart politicians are often guilty, and was an insult to the young men of New York who were not old enough to serve in the war, but who have been educated in the public schools, and seek to enter the public service by proved merit, and not by favor, which these young men and the friends of reform will not forget when it is asserted that the Republican party is especially the party of reform. The ardor of Mr. BLISS'S devotion to reform has been sometimes questioned. But the fact that public opinion compels him to offer such a resolution, and the Convention to adopt it unanimously, and to nominate a candidate who represents it, shows the extraordinary progress of the good cause. It is a cause which is independent of party, and its friends look to candidates, not to platforms. But upon such a platform a man of Mr. DAVENPORT'S character and opinions is a reform candidate, whose election would strengthen the hands of the President and confirm him in his course. Even should the President's own party in the State be defeated, New York would have given her approval to the reform of which President CLEVELAND is the chief official representative.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE NEW YORK CUSTOM-HOUSE.

UPON the appointment of Mr. HEDDEN as Collector, we said, speaking of the President:

> "He has selected for Collector Mr. HEDDEN, a gentleman unknown as a politician, who is warmly commended by respectable business men, and who states that he is in perfect sympathy with the reformed system, and means to see it thoroughly enforced, and that every applicant for appointment, as the rules prescribe, must stand upon his own merits. Assuming that his declaration is not a falsehood," etc., etc.

We said further:

> "The charge that the Collector is now or will be hereafter a tool of Mr. THOMPSON'S—that is to say, that he will use the patronage of the Custom-house as Mr. THOMPSON may direct—can be verified only by experience."

We mentioned Mr. BEATTIE, the new Surveyor, as "known only as a politician and the secretary of the County Democracy," and we said:

> "We have no doubt whatever that should the Collector, as the tool of Mr. THOMPSON, Mr. MANNING, or Mr. WHITNEY, or for his own purposes, attempt to use for political and party objects such patronage as he may command, he would be promptly called to account by the President."

We added that if the President had desired a political prostitution of the Custom-house, he would have appointed a political Collector.

The course of affairs at the Custom-house since the appointment of the Collector and Surveyor shows conclusively that the objects which the President had in view have not been carried out. The Custom-house, under the new management, has not been a business office conducted upon business principles. On the contrary, it has been as much of a political and party machine as the law permits. The last incident, the removal of Mr. BACON and the appointment of Mr. STERLING in his place, whether technically permissible by the rules or not, is a flagrant violation of every principle of reform, and the change could not have been made by officers who were in any degree interested in the reformed system. It is fair to assume, therefore, whether the position falls under the rules or not, that, unless there is some explanation not now known, the President will not permit so flagrant a violation of the principles that he holds to pass unrebuked. Were the incident exceptional, it might be properly regarded as an error to be overlooked. But the whole course of events at the Custom-house shows a deliberate purpose to baffle and nullify the work of reform upon which the President has entered, and to convict him of bad faith before the country. Under the circumstances, any

rebuke short of suspension would be inadequate, and should the facts prove to be as they are stated, and, as we write, without serious contradiction, the suspension would be an act which the great mass of honest and intelligent citizens of all parties would heartily approve. The good effect of such a stroke of Executive justice and vigor would be very great.

The President's sincere conviction upon this subject and his official courage are undoubted; and it would be most surprising if, after the occurrences of the last two months, the President should nominate the present Collector and Surveyor to the Senate. If, however, he should do so, we suppose that for the reason we stated last week in regard to Mr. TROUP, no Senator would consent to confirm the nomination who holds the action at the Custom-house to be inconsistent with a proper administration of the duties of Collector and Surveyor. If a fourth-class postmaster is justly removed for offensive partisanship, no man who has proved himself to be an offensive partisan in a much more influential office should be confirmed in that office by the consent of Senators who honestly desire reform. Certainly we do not mean to imply that the President will probably ask for such confirmations.

A VERY PRETTY JOB.

THE cholera has ravaged Spain during the summer, but the summer is past, and happily we have escaped the plague. But there is no reason to suppose that it may not come next year, and therefore no kind of precaution should be neglected. Among intelligent persons there is no desire to relax the utmost care, but there is equally no wish to allow jobbery to thrive upon the apprehension of pestilence. The controversy in regard to the disinfection of rags arises from the discovery of an enormous job under the plausible appearance of sanitary precaution. A few months since a patent was issued for disinfecting rags by superheated steam, and at the same time the Treasury Department ordered that all imported rags should be disinfected by this process. The order was subsequently revoked by the Secretary of the Treasury, but it was immediately renewed by the Health-officer of New York. Such an order, we believe, was never before issued by the Department nor by any Health-officer, and its prompt revocation by the Secretary of the Treasury shows that upon inquiry he considered it to be unnecessary. That, however, is not the point. There is a conflict of opinion as to the transmission of cholera by rags. But if they are to be disinfected, they should be disinfected honestly.

The Health-officer has ordered the disinfection to be made by the patent process. The patent is owned by a few persons, and their charge for disinfection is $5 per ton. The actual cost is about sixty cents per ton, at which rate the profit of the owners of the patent is $4 40 per ton. This sum, upon an annual importation of 175,000 tons, would be $770,000. A company of a dozen owners would thus enjoy a very pretty revenue from the paper-makers, and ultimately from the public. The paper-makers naturally protest. They have proposed to the Quarantine Commissioners to show that dry rags have never carried the germs of cholera from one country to another, that the cost of steam disinfection is not more than sixty cents per ton, and that the owners of another process will disinfect rags for a much smaller price than that demanded by the owners of the patented process. The matter having been plainly exposed, the Quarantine Commissioners, upon the request of the paper-makers, agreed to ask the Health-officer to try to find some adequate process of disinfection which is not patented or secret, and which importers could use. Throughout the discussion Commissioner DAVID W. JUDD has strenuously maintained the rights of the merchants against the disinfecting monopoly. He has published a letter stating that he believes the fumigation of rags from disinfected ports to be entirely unnecessary, and that in his opinion the Commissioners, who are by law the custodians of the Quarantine Department, should decide that such rags need not be disinfected, and so fix the rates for necessary disinfecting that no company shall be able "to disinfect rags for money instead of for cholera."

Meanwhile the order of the Health-officer subjects this commercial interest to an exorbitant payment to the holders of a patent. The substantial facts seem to be undeniable, and they disclose an exceedingly pretty piece of jobbery. If the Secretary of the Treasury saw reason to revoke an order requiring all rags to be disinfected by this process, what reason had the Health-officer of New York or the majority of the Quarantine Commissioners to renew it? If rags can be disinfected for sixty cents or a dollar per ton, why should a fee of five dollars be exacted? If due provision against the cholera requires, let the importation of rags from countries where it prevails be prohibited, as it is now in England. But when they may be safely landed, if disinfected, let them be disinfected honestly and without jobbery.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL.

IN SAMUEL CAMPBELL, who died on the 22d September at New York Mills, near Utica, the State has lost one of its most valuable citizens, and all who personally knew him a friend who can not be replaced. Mr. CAMPBELL, with his old partner Mr. WALCUTT, was a most distinguished and successful manufacturer, and an efficient promoter of all moral interests, and, indeed, of all good interests. He had served as a State Senator, and his manly uprightness and vigor were a constant illustration of the best qualities of American character and citizenship, and reminded the Legislature of that great unknown and unseen public intelligence which scans and judges Legislatures and Governors and Presidents.

Mr. CAMPBELL, we believe, was born in Scotland, but he was a thorough American, not only by long residence and interest, but, as it were, naturally, by his sympathies and convictions and intellectual and moral qualities. He was a man of massive frame and of massive mind; original, inventive, sagacious, self-relying; despising cant and indirection; liberal and hospitable to new views, but with the sweet conservatism of good sense and cheerful humor. It was a sturdy, generous nature, and more of true manhood could not be packed into a single human frame. He was perfectly simple, but not in the least gullible. His common-sense was supreme, but he had the most catholic sympathies, and men of the most various tastes and pursuits were among his best friends. He read much and thoughtfully in the best books, and a serene moral independence was the pure atmosphere in which he lived.

There was a characteristic largeness in all that he did and in the circumstances of his life. He and his partner, who died many years since, had built up around them the flourishing town, with its great mills, which his own invention had supplied with ingenious mechanism. He was the natural leader of the little community, but a leader as beloved as trusted. His spacious house stood, amid ample park-like grounds, upon a gentle eminence fitly commanding a broad and breezy panorama, including the beautiful valley of the Mohawk. His domestic life was singularly happy, and he dwelt, a genial patriarch, among those whom he loved as he was loved.

"Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere."

To have known such a man is one of the benedictions of life; to have had his friendly regard is to be held closer to honest and manly living.

MR. EATON'S RESIGNATION.

THE announcement of the retirement of Mr. DORMAN B. EATON from the national Civil Service Commission was received with general and sincere regret by all friends of reform. Mr. EATON has contributed very largely to the appeal to the intelligence of the country which led to the passage of the reform bill, and his report upon the English service is the most important work in the literature of the reform. His appointment to the Commission by President ARTHUR was universally held to be a proof of the President's entire good faith, and Mr. EATON'S complete familiarity with the principles and methods of the reformed system was of the highest value in the beginning of the new and difficult enterprise.

Mr. EATON bears the most hearty testimony to the sincerity and fidelity of the President in the work of reform, and they part with the utmost respect and good-will. The President, in accepting Mr. EATON'S resignation, pays a high tribute to his public service, and takes occasion to re-affirm his own faith in the most vigorous and admirable manner.

"I believe in civil service reform, and its application in the most practicable form attainable, among other reasons, because it opens the doors for the rich and the poor alike to a participation in public place-holding, and I hope the time is at hand when all our people will see the advantage of a reliance for such an opportunity upon merit and fitness, instead of a dependence upon the caprice or selfish interest of those who impudently stand between the people and the machinery of their government. In the one case, a reasonable intelligence and the education which is freely furnished or forced upon the youth of our land are the credentials to office; in the other, the way is found in favor secured by a participation in partisan work, often unfitting a person morally, if not mentally and physically, for the responsibilities and duties of public employment. You will agree with me, I think, that the support which has been given to the present Administration in its efforts to preserve and advance this reform by a party restored to power after an exclusion for many years from participation in the places attached to the public service, confronted with a new system precluding the redistribution of such places in its interest, called upon to surrender advantages which a perverted partisanship had taught the American people belonged to success, and perturbed with the suspicion, always raised in such an emergency, that their rights in the conduct of this reform had not been scrupulously regarded, should receive due acknowledgment, and should confirm our belief that there is a sentiment among the people better than a desire to hold office, and a patriotic impulse upon which may safely rest the integrity of our institutions and the strength and perpetuity of our government."

The President who, upon the very eve of the meeting of his party Convention in his own State, suspends STERLING, and declares emphatically that partisan work and personal favor should not be the passport to place, does far more than any modern President has ever wished or dared to do, and commends himself more strongly than ever to public respect and confidence.

Mr. EATON has long felt that his official labor was too severe, and, as he says, he has awaited only a proper opportunity to withdraw without injury to the cause, in which his interest is unabated, and which he will continue earnestly and efficiently to serve. If his retirement should be followed by that of his colleagues, the reorganization of the Commission will be a very difficult task. It will not be easy to find men who combine the essential qualifications for the position. Thorough faith in the reformed system, practical knowledge of its details, familiarity with the law and with the public service, the judicial temper, tact, quick perception, and indomitable honesty and courage—these are qualities that are not found in every man whose situation is such that he can undertake the duties of this most important official trust. In the inevitable and vital contest before him the President should be able to find in the Civil Service Commission men of his own quality, and the relation between them should be one of absolute confidence and sympathy.

PERSONAL.

PROFESSOR TURNER, who fills the chair of anatomy at Edinburgh University, has an income of $20,000 a year from his lectures, and his position is there considered to be "the most valuable of the kind in the world." Some of his brother professors make from $10,000 to $15,000 a year. His official duties occupy him about an hour a day for only six months of the year, the other six months being vacation. But Professor TURNER has to confine himself to University work, and does not engage in private practice. In New York, the medical professors depend chiefly upon their private practice, and several of them make much more than $20,000 a year.

—The *St. James's Gazette:* "HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains a remarkably fine portrait of GRANT, and 'Reminiscences' by an officer of his staff (HORACE PORTER). It may be news to some that all through the General's campaigns 'a bottle of wine was scarcely ever seen on the table, and cold water was the habitual beverage.'"

—Mr. G. W. CABLE, in a letter to Colonel T. W. HIGGINSON: "Men are much disposed to exaggerate the difficulties of voting intelligently when they talk of women voting. By the time a public question is ready for the popular vote, it has become a very simple question, that requires little more than honesty and common-sense to vote upon it. If our mothers are not fit to vote, they ought to stop bearing sons."

—The Boston *Traveller*, in an interesting sketch of the veteran Captain R. B. FORBES, now in his eighty-second year, who "has introduced more improvements into our mercantile marine than any man alive," announces that at his birth he weighed less than five pounds, being in this respect like Sir ISAAC NEWTON, who was born so small that he could not be dressed, and like the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, who "could have been put into a quart pot when born."

—Major-General Sir HENRY DURAND, for forty years a soldier in India, said to his children during his last illness that he had always felt "the power of the sword," and the consciousness of being able to wield men, but he never had the good fortune to be placed in a position where he could make for himself a name as a great commander, and he cared little for any other success. His life, therefore, had been a hard and bitter one, full of conflict and opposition and failure, full also of wearing grief and anxiety.

—The Duke of Argyll expresses his conviction, after a serious study of the subject, that by far the largest returns possible from five acres of rural land in Scotland are to be obtained by spade labor, and by the stalling of cows fed upon the crops so raised.

—The Mahdi of West Africa is a blood-thirsty wretch who professes to be commissioned by his God to kill every pagan he meets. His method is to put a knife to the pagan's throat, and bid him choose between Mohammedanism and death. Last year he burned a whole pagan city, lest the pagan women and children should escape before he could butcher them.

—The most significant professional compliment yet paid to Miss MARY ANDERSON is the consent of Mr. WATTS, in many respects the greatest genius of modern painting, to design some costumes for her.

—The most successful school-teacher in the world is the Rev. Dr. BUTLER, who has just withdrawn from the head-mastership of Harrow with a fortune of $500,000, to accept the lucrative Deanery of Lincoln.

—The late Mr. CALVERLEY (says a recent essayist) has told us that those who smoke tobacco grow brainless as chimpanzees and nerveless as lizards, and that most of them go mad and beat their wives, and plunge, after shocking lives, razors and carving-knives into their gizzards. On the other hand, two German *savants*, after minute and exhaustive investigation by the most approved scientific methods, arrived at the conclusion that smoking is nothing at all except watching the smoke. Between these conflicting views—the view of poetry and the view of science—the ordinary smoker will probably be able to steer without difficulty.

—A shepherd named THOMAS ATTWOOD left his home, near Dover, England, at an early hour to attend to his flock. Not long afterward a passing traveller noticed him leaning against the fence, while his dog barked violently at the sheep which were gathering at the troughs beside him. Presently the dog directed the attention of the traveller to the shepherd, and became more excited. An examination showed that the shepherd was dead, of heart-disease.

—CHRISTINE NILSSON, on a visit to her old home in Sweden, was an object of distinguished popular and royal consideration. The people thronged the streets and cheered her; the King sent his chamberlain to welcome her. After each concert she was compelled to appear at a window of her hotel and sing native songs. Her brother, a peasant, who witnessed the scene, wept for joy.

—To the corporation of Glasgow, which sent her a congratulatory address on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess BEATRICE, Queen VICTORIA replied: "I sincerely thank you for your loyal and affectionate address on the happy occasion of the marriage of my dear daughter the Princess BEATRICE with his Royal Highness Prince HENRY of Battenberg. I gratefully acknowledge your appreciation of the loving and dutiful character of the Princess, and your earnest desire for her future happiness."

—An interesting memorial of the artistic genius of the late JOHN LEECH has been prepared by his sisters, who have placed in the principal museums of London some of his original drawings side by side with the wood-cuts of them, so that the public have an opportunity of learning for the first time how superior to the wood-cuts were the artist's own works. LEECH has been dead more than twenty years.

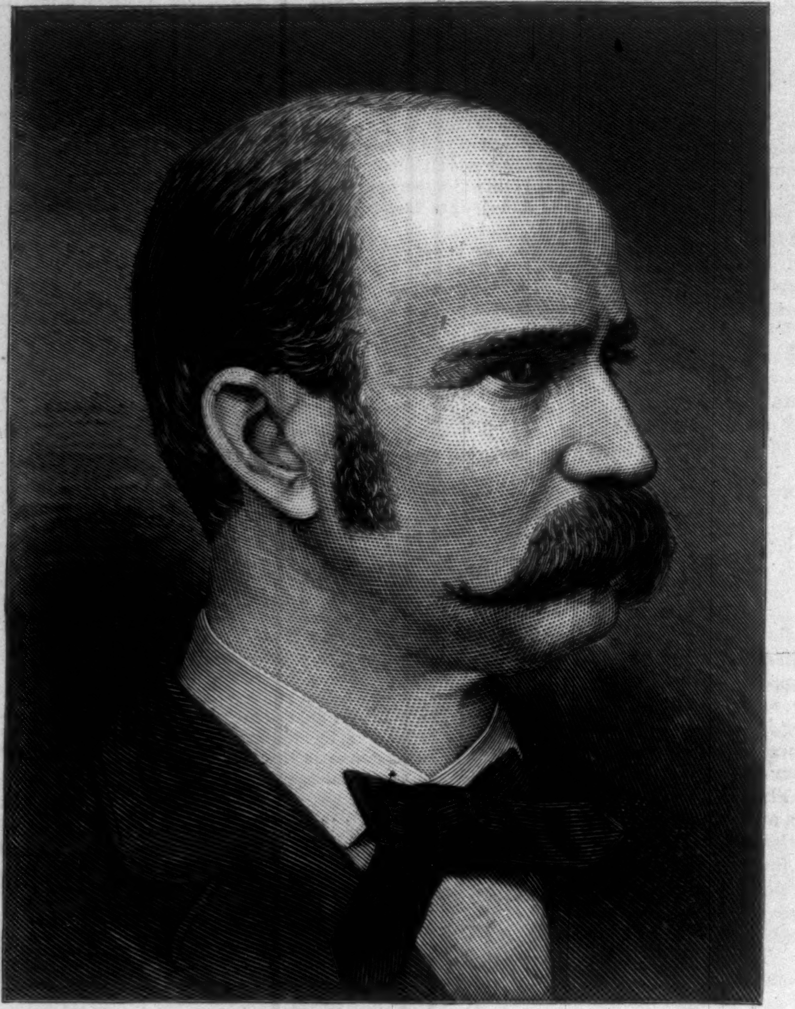
—In a letter to his brother in this city, Mr. THOMAS HUGHES speaks of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL as distinctively a national poet. "When I say national poet," he adds, "I mean that he is unlike any English poet, and therefore, I believe, rather 'pooh-poohed' by his own countrymen."

—Injustice has been done to the memory of the late Sir FRANCIS HINCKS, President of the Consolidated Bank of Montreal, by a published allusion to the trouble between himself and the government, which resulted in his trial in 1879. The Court of Appeals held that there was no evidence of any fraudulent intention on his part, and his high character for purity and integrity remained without a taint. This judgment of the court was accompanied by many private and public manifestations of the esteem which he enjoyed wherever he was known.

—Says the *Pall Mall Gazette:* "The first contribution to literature by a 'Lady of the White House' has been expected with vivid curiosity in America. In England, where the social aspects of the event are of less importance, it will excite a milder interest, for Miss CLEVELAND'S literary powers, though far from contemptible, are not of a kind to set the Atlantic on fire. She is evidently a woman of character and culture, with strong opinions, slightly cut and dried, and an individual, if not always admirable, manner of expressing them; but the book would scarcely have attracted much attention had it not been for the accident (an accident it may certainly be called, so far as she was concerned) which brought the writer into evidence."

GOVERNOR HILL.

The Democratic candidate for the office of Governor is the present incumbent, having succeeded Mr. Cleveland when the latter resigned on his election to the Presidency. Mr. Hill was born in 1844, in the town of Havana, Chemung County, of a New England family, and was admitted to the bar in the city of Elmira in 1864. In 1869, at the age of twenty-five, he was elected to the Assembly, and again in 1871. In 1875 he was appointed by Governor Tilden a member of the Constitutional Commission, but declined. In 1881 he was elected an Alderman in Elmira, and in the next year was chosen Mayor, but before the close of his term was nominated as Lieutenant-Governor on the ticket with Mr. Cleveland, and shared with that gentleman the remarkable majority of that year. When a member of the Legislature he was noted for his quickness and fertility of resource as a master of parliamentary tactics, and his readiness and firmness as a presiding officer. His most conspicuous labors were in behalf of a bill prohibiting the employment of convict labor on contract. He secured the passage of such a law in 1872, but it was defeated in the Senate. As Governor, he became involved in a serious difference with the Legislature regarding the State census, and on the failure to pass a bill on that subject which he could approve, he called an extraordinary session of the Legislature, which was, however, abortive. Mr. Hill is very popular in his own party, and had secured a majority of the delegates before the Convention assembled. He was nominated on the first ballot, his only serious opponent, Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, receiving but 33 votes out of 384, Mr. Hill being warmly supported by Tammany Hall.



HON. DAVID B. HILL, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

THE BACON-STERLING CASE.

The appointment of Mr. George H. Sterling, of Brooklyn, as weigher in a Brooklyn district of the service of the New York Custom-house, in the place of Captain George B. Bacon, removed, has provoked a more earnest and more general discussion as an offense against civil service reform than any similar appointment since Mr. Cleveland became President. The weigher receives $2500 a year, and he has the power to appoint a variable number of subordinates, which, however, is never very large. It is therefore not the income nor the patronage of the position that has made the appointment of such importance; nor are the duties of the place of such a nature as to require long experience or rare qualities to perform them well. The discussion has been provoked by the suspicion that civil service reformers have that improper political influences caused it. Captain Bacon had held the place continuously since 1869, when he was appointed by President Grant. He is a native of Ogdensburg, New York; he was graduated at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and he entered the naval service, served with distinction during the war, and retired, having attained the rank of Lieutenant-Commander. He has done his duties as weigher so satisfactorily that many merchants had fallen into the habit of selling their goods by his weighing. He has been a Republican, but he has never taken an active part in politics. Captain Bacon was verbally asked to resign late in August, but he refused to do so; and on September 14 he received information from the Deputy-Collector of the port of New York of his removal without cause.

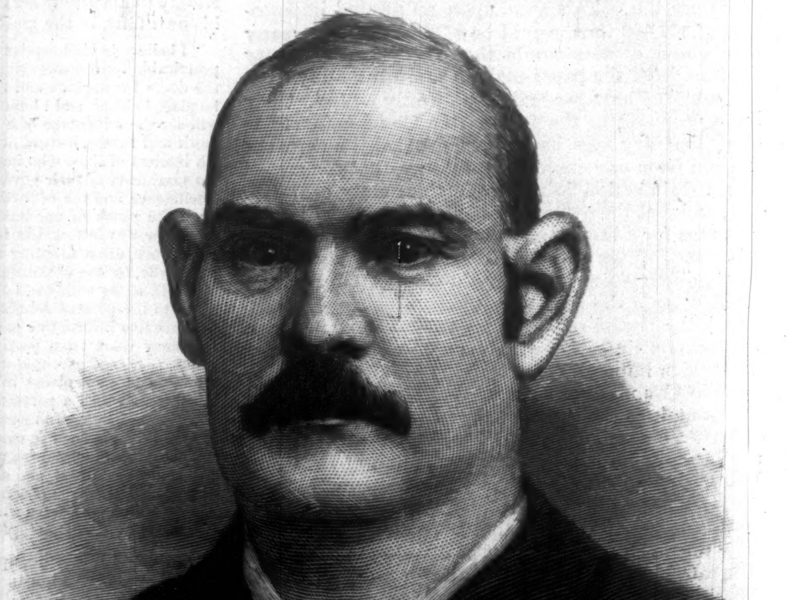
On the same day Mr. Sterling was appointed. Mr. Sterling has been an active Democratic politician in Brooklyn, and is now a member of the Board of Aldermen. For several years he has been conspicuous and influential in local politics as a factional enemy of Mr. Hugh McLaughlin, who in political circles is known as the Democratic "boss" of Brooklyn. Mr. Sterling acquired property, and became prominent as a retail dealer in liquors, and until a year ago his political or other duties did not call him away from the personal supervision of his gaudy establishment. He is a man of middle age, and he is popular among his political associates, and his generosity has made most of his neighbors and wardsmen his friends. As soon as Mr. Sterling was appointed he entered upon the duties of his office, but on September 21, just a week from the day of his appointment, he was suspended by order of Secretary Manning, pending an investigation of the appointment.

The Executive Committee of the Civil Service Reform League decided, before Mr. Sterling was suspended, to protest against the appointment. Their protest, and the arguments of the press in opposition to the appointment, are that Mr. Sterling was appointed for political reasons in violation of the civil service law. On the other hand, Mr. Sterling and his friends claim that Collector Hedden had the right to appoint, and that he is a proper person for the position. The Democratic General Committee of Brooklyn adopted a resolution of congratulation on his appointment. The appointment, therefore, is regarded by the Democratic friends of Mr. Sterling as a proper reward for his services, and by the civil service reformers as a flagrant offense against reform, because, as they claim, the office has been given to Mr. Sterling as a political reward rather than by reason of his fitness.

HON. JOSEPH B. CARR.

General Carr, who was nominated by the Republican State Convention for Lieutenant-Governor, after being a conspicuous candidate for the first place on the ticket, is at present Secretary of State, and Major-General commanding the Third Division of the National Guard of the State of New York. He is of Irish parentage, a native of Albany, but a resident of Troy. He entered the Union army as Colonel of the Second New York Volunteers, was promoted to be Brigadier-General for gallant conduct at Malvern Hill, commanded a division at Chancellorsville, and at Gettysburg had his command badly cut up. He was made Brevet Major-General in 1865, and at the close of the war went into the business of manufacturing chain and cable at Troy. He has been three times elected Secretary of State, in 1879, 1881, and 1883, being in the latter year the only man on the Republican ticket who was successful. He has always been very popular among the soldiers, who have regarded him as their special representative. During his present term he had a warm dispute with the acting Governor over the census, in which he was sustained by the Legislature, as is noted in the sketch of Governor Hill. He is fifty-seven years of age. General Carr's portrait was published in Harper's Weekly for September 29, 1883.

CAPTAIN GEORGE B. BACON.—Photographed by J. M. Dow, Ogdensburgh, New York.



GEORGE H. STERLING.

HOLDING HIM UP TO RIDICULE.

COLUMBIA. "Do you imagine, you hungry, thirsty office-seeker, that fifty-five million people are going to be ruled by a handful of chaps like you?"

DAVID'S COLT.

Miss Thusy Herrick arose from her bed on a certain summer morning with a sinking heart. Miss Thusy's heart had been trained by long years of warfare to a soldierly steadiness and disregard of burdens; it was very strange that it should falter now. She ascribed it to indigestion. That raspberry jam, the precious pot that Marthy Abby had made the last thing before she died, and which she had opened in honor of little Ruth Ellen, had not agreed with her, used as she was to a very low diet.

Ruth Ellen couldn't have suspected *how* low it had been. Miss Thusy assured herself of that for the twentieth time, remembering with satisfaction the cake with four eggs in it—how considerate of the cropple crown and the big Plymouth Rock to lay those eggs! it seemed like real kindness of heart when one knew how badly they wanted to "set"—and the tea with sugar in it. How long that tea and sugar had lasted! She had feared the sugar would hardly go round when the minister and his wife came to tea, and since then Miss Bathsheba Wing and old Dr. Sewall and his daughter had visited her, and it had not looked really scanty last night. And little Ruth Ellen drank only milk. How much she had to be thankful for! And Miss Thusy upbraided her heart, which, nevertheless, lay heavily in her bosom.

How good it was to see Ruth Ellen, her own flesh and blood, her sister's daughter, although it almost took her breath away to see a young lady a head and shoulders taller than she herself; and so dignified!—a school-teacher; and stylish—there were three silk dresses hanging in the spare-room closet. She must try to darn her old black silk so it would hold together for one wearing. Ruth Ellen might think it strange if she did not wear a silk dress Sunday.

Ruth Ellen would be likely to stay three or four weeks at least, after coming all the way from Chicago to visit her aunt and her mother's old home for the first time. Miss Thusy drew from between her feather-bed and mattress a yellow old stocking and shook out some silver from its foot, mostly in dimes and half-dimes, and of ancient dates. She counted it as intently as if she had not counted it two days before, and the lines between her brows were ploughed into deep furrows.

"Groceries and butcher's-meat are all; the garden 'll do the rest; and if she ain't one to notice that I don't eat much— But the colt would have had to go if she hadn't come. I couldn't ask Squire Robinson to wait any longer for his interest, and mebbe it's wrong for me to feel so about a dumb cretur, anyhow."

As Miss Thusy went through the long woodshed to the barn she trembled in every limb. She said to herself that it was because the early dawn was so chilly.

As she unfastened the barn door a cheerful whinny greeted her. For how many years was it that she had never once missed that friendly morning greeting? Not since David died, and David was but a lad, and he would be forty now. She went into the stall, and patted the long, gaunt head of the old horse, who looked at her with affectionate eyes; she felt of his rough shaggy sides, where one could almost count the ribs.

"You'll be better off, Tim—you'll be better off," she said, earnestly, as if he must understand. Then she fed him, bringing a small measure of oats which she had carefully treasured in the almost empty meal chest in the granary, and which Tim looked at as if he thought his eyes must deceive him.

While she was getting breakfast she went often to the door and looked out. At length a man drove into the yard, and got out of the wagon with a rope in his hand. It was Squire Robinson's "hired man."

"You'll find the colt in the barn," called Miss Thusy, and the man, suppressing a grin at the name which she applied to her old horse, took his way there, while Miss Thusy retired to her bedroom and shut the door.

When Ruth Ellen came down to breakfast, as fresh and blooming as a rose, and making the old house look ashamed of its dinginess, her youthfully quick eyes instantly detected the signs of a fresh grief on her aunt's care-trodden face.

Ruth Ellen was not without discretion—poverty and school-teaching are apt to confer that grace—and she said nothing, and pretended not to observe, but while cheerfully recommending the lettuce as fresh from the garden, Miss Thusy's voice broke, and a sob struggled fiercely in her well-disciplined old throat.

"Dear Aunt Thusy!" and the little girl went and put her strong young arms around the little withered old form.

It was such a temptation. Miss Thusy had been weighed down with her anxious secrets for so long that she was sick with longing for human sympathy. All the three long years that Marthy Abby was dying of consumption she didn't let her know that Lot Peters had cheated them out of the Groundnut Hill farm, or that the Freedom Bank had failed, or that she had been obliged to get Squire Robinson to take a mortgage of two thousand dollars on the homestead—the old place that was to be left to Ruth Ellen, the only grandchild. And Marthy Abby had never known that she braided straw, and sewed it into bonnets for the factories, for she worked nights in the old lumber-room in the attic. And Marthy Abby died peacefully, never dreaming of the prowling wolf. And since she died bread had grown scantier day by day; machines had come into the straw factories, and there was no more demand for hand-work, and, grown morbid in her loneliness, Miss Thusy could see nothing sometimes for days and days but the poor-house looming darkly before her; worse, there would be nothing for little Ruth Ellen; it might be said that her grandfather's property which should have been hers had been lost by mismanagement.

Miss Thusy's mind, weighed down so long by these secrets, felt an almost uncontrollable impulse at this touch of sympathy to share its burden. But she rallied all her forces, like the valiant fighter that she was. All was not yet lost. Not yet would she tell Ruth Ellen how little was left of her inheritance. "You wouldn't believe I was so foolish, Ruthy Ellen," she said. "It's all about a colt that I sold this morning. Folks living alone do get attached to dumb things. And he was David's calico colt; mebbe you've heard your mother tell of him? David got drowned in Still River. The very last time I ever saw him alive he was riding the colt to pasture. He was dreadful proud of him because he was calico, and because he'd broke him all by himself. He turned round, top of the hill there, and waved his cap to me. Seems as if I had never looked out at that hill since without seeing his proud, laughing face. 'Twa'n't two hours afterwards that they brought his body home to us drowned. David was the youngest—only a little lad. 'Twas natural we should all set by the colt for David's sake; and now it's been so many years—and they're all dead and gone but him and me; and he knew so much; it did seem to me as if a real human soul was looking at me out of his eyes—and—"

The obstinate lump in her throat got the better of Miss Thusy altogether.

"Why did you part with him?" asked the girl, her voice shaken, sympathetically.

"I—I—oh, well, some thought he was getting kind of skittish. He r'ared up right in front of the meeting-house, and he gnawed the bark off Beacon Hopkins's maple, and—" Miss Thusy stopped suddenly with an appalling sense of her own wickedness. It was the first time she had ever prevaricated. She thought of Ananias and Sapphira, and of the angels who fell from their first estate—by pride.

She had scarcely sufficient self-control to answer, "Squire Robinson, over to Tatnick," when Ruth Ellen inquired, quietly, whom she had sold the horse to.

Ruth Ellen went out for a walk soon after breakfast. She had previously gone up to her room and taken from her trunk a lean little purse; it was a purse that had but little capacity for fatness at the best, and had now a pathetically shrunken look. Ruth Ellen had *her* little secrets. The three silk dresses were made out of her cousin's old ones. Her cousin was a public reader, and had to have fine clothes.

She counted her money, as Miss Thusy had done, and even impatiently squeezed the dejected limpness of the little purse.

"I would do it if it took every cent I had in the bank!" she said, with determination. "I know Tom would think I ought to—if we have to wait forever."

Vainly had Miss Thusy reduced herself (at least in her own eyes) to the moral level of Ananias and Sapphira. Ruth Ellen was acquainted with the wolf, and she knew his tracks.

She asked the first person she met the way to Tatnick. It was three miles, and the day was warm; but Ruth Ellen was not in the least daunted.

It was easy to find Squire Robinson's. The first person she asked told her, with a look of incredulity at her ignorance—a great bare white house set upon a hill, thrifty but unbeautiful. Squire Robinson was just coming from the hay field with a rake over his shoulder—a rugged old farmer with strongly marked features, but with a trace of humor about his thin, grim mouth. The twinkle in his eye struck Ruth Ellen with a vague sense of familiarity.

"You have just bought a horse of Miss Arethusa Herrick, I believe?" said Ruth Ellen, her eagerness struggling with her school-mistress-like propriety of expression.

The squire leaned over the stone wall, and regarded her meditatively.

"I calc'late I have," he admitted at length. "Been walkin' consid'able far?"

"From Cumberland village. Would you be willing to sell the horse?"

"You don't say so? Well, you ain't one of the slim ones, are you? Don't stop down there when you're at home?"

"No; I live in Chicago. Would you—"

"Chicago, eh? Got folks down to Cumberland, I expect?"

"I am Miss Herrick's niece."

"Well, there! I thought I saw the Herrick look. And so you're Pantiny's daughter! I used to think consid'able of Pantiny. She was a little, slim thing—"

"Yes, I look like my father's people. I want very much to buy Aunt Thusy's horse—"

"Well, well; you come and set in the porch and get rested, and we'll talk it over."

The squire disappeared as soon as he had set a chair for her in the porch, and returned with a mug of cider. Ruth Ellen drank some of it, although it set her teeth on edge, being anxious to get through as soon as possible with all preliminaries to the business in hand.

"Well, now, I didn't buy that horse for an investment," said the squire, after he had drained the last drop of a mug of cider. "I didn't expect a great rush of offers for him. Ain't a corner in calico horses your way, is there?"

"I want a horse to drive while I'm here," said Ruth Ellen, "and I think Aunt Thusy would be glad to have him again."

"You kind of want to make her a present of him?" said the squire, looking at her keenly. And then he threw back his head and laughed gruffly. "It's cur'us! You wouldn't think two folks would have set on that old cretur for a present, but that's just what I wanted of him. I've got a daughter-in-law"—his mouth assumed a sevenfold grimness. "We heard of it yesterday, and my wife made me promise—she's an invalid, and you have to humor her some—that I'd make her a present. I saw that old horse out in the parster, and I happened to think he'd be just the thing, and probably Thusy would be glad to get something for him. I 'lowed her seventy-five dollars for him, and he ain't really worth any more than he'd bring at the bone-factory. But it kind of struck me that he'd be an uncommon suitable weddin' present for Solon Hickey's daughter. You've seen Solon Hickey?"

"He chopped some wood for Aunt Thusy last night, I think."

"Yes, that's the man; he can chop wood—when he's sober."

"Well, my son, my only son"—the squire's gruff voice shook—"has married Solon Hickey's daughter—Lizy Ann Hickey is my daughter-in-law, and she's just what you might expect her father's daughter to be. He got entangled with her here, and she followed him out West. You never happened to come acrost him out there, did you—my son, Tom Robinson?"

"Tom Robinson!" repeated Ruth Ellen, her cheeks growing pinker. "I know a Tom Robinson, but he isn't your son."

"Robinsons ain't a thing that there's only one of, but they're most likely folks, so far as I've seen. What does he do for a livin', this one that you're acquainted with?"

"He's an electrician, and he is inventing a new transmitter for telephones. He's *very* talented." Ruth Ellen's cheeks were now very pink.

"Talkin' machines, eh? If he'd invent something to make folks hold their tongues, he'd do better. I don't take much stock in inventions myself. Where does he hail him?"

"From New England. I don't know what town. He never says anything about his home. I think because it was unhappy. His father was—was a horrid old thing!"

Ruth Ellen reached this climax suddenly, carried out of her reserve and the propriety of a school-mistress by her feeling for Tom's wrongs.

"Humph! *He* told you so, I s'pose," said the squire, evidently disposed to take the part of the disparaged parent.

"I know he must have been, to quarrel with Tom. Tom has a *beau*tiful disposition."

"Can't be my Tom," said the squire, with decision.

"Why, of course it isn't your Tom. He isn't married," said Ruth Ellen.

"Goin' to be, mebbe," said the squire, slyly.

Ruth Ellen turned the conversation to the horse.

"I would be willing to give you more than seventy-five dollars for him," she said, anxiously.

"Bless you, I haven't got the horse," said the squire. "I told my man to take him right along to Hickey's, and say 'twas a present for my daughter-in-law."

"Oh dear, do you suppose she would sell him?" Ruth Ellen arose, feeling vexed with the squire for not having told her at once.

"Well, I guess she don't set enough by her father-in-law to hinder her," said Squire Robinson. "But don't be in such a hurry. I can't help thinkin' it's kind of cur'us about that Tom Robinson of yours. Now *my* Tom has been inventin' things ever since he wa'n't higher'n that choppin'-block. And another coincidence is that he hain't been dutiful to his father."

Ruth Ellen looked bewildered for a moment; then she turned a smiling and assured face upon him.

"But my Tom isn't married," she said, and turned away.

"Here, wait a minute, and I'll hitch up, and carry you," cried the squire. But Ruth Ellen would not wait. She was very much obliged, but she preferred to walk.

The truth was she was more bewildered and less assured than she seemed, and wanted to be alone to think. Startling recollections were coming up. Tom had objected so seriously to her coming to Cumberland that only her sense of duty to her aunt had enabled her to resist him. He was very silent about his past life, but she had heard him speak of fishing from Cumberland bridge and roaming in Tatnick woods when he was a boy. That was when she had first met him; later, after he knew that Cumberland was her mother's old home, he had said nothing about it.

And that twinkle in the squire's eye! the familiar look that had struck her when she first saw him!

"Got entangled with her here." No, no, it could not be. She must be mad to think of doubting Tom. And Robinson was such a common name. Tom too. There might be a dozen Tom Robinsons in the West who came from New England. But the ghost that the squire had raised "would not down." It followed her all the way to the village, and made her face white as she knocked at Solon Hickey's door, and asked for Mrs. Robinson.

A tall young woman, strikingly handsome, and theatrically arrayed in dilapidated finery, with her blonde hair in curl-papers, made her appearance.

"I—I— Would you sell the horse that your father-in-law gave you?" stammered Ruth Ellen.

The young woman flushed angrily. "I don't want none of his presents, and I don't know nothin' about the horse! I guess pa took care of him."

"Pa," a little, bent, shuffling man, peered out under his tall daughter's shoulder with small, wary, bleared eyes.

"That ole hoss? What you want of him? I let Jerry Eames over to Gonic have him. He's tryin' to saw logs by hoss-power."

"Where is Gonic?" asked Ruth Ellen, anxiously, but still surveying with interest the girl whom Squire Robinson's Tom had married.

"'Bout seven mild from here. I don' know as the ole rack o' bones has lived to git there. If you want to buy a hoss, now, Amos Berry has got one—"

But Ruth Ellen was hurrying away with scanty ceremony, her brain busy with a plan for getting to Gonic as soon as possible. The ghost was laid—almost. Lizy Ann's grammar and curl-papers had done it. Never could Tom have been attracted by a young woman like that, although she was dazzlingly handsome in her way. Ruth Ellen disapproved so strongly of the way, that the very beauty seemed an offense against propriety.

Miss Thusy met her at the door with anxious inquiries, and the assurance that she looked "all beat out."

She had walked too far, and the day was warm, was the only explanation Ruth Ellen gave.

They had scarcely finished their mid-day dinner when a resounding "Hullo!" drew them to the door. Squire Robinson was at the gate, reining in a horse that had evidently been going at a headlong pace.

"I'll get him for you, never you fear!" he called. "And I'll have that scoundrel Hickey arrested for obtaining goods under false pretenses! He's played a trick—"

The squire was off again, and the end of the sentence was lost in the rattling of his wheels.

"Dear! dear! I don't know what the squire meant," said Miss Thusy, adjusting her glasses to survey the cloud of dust in his wake, as if it might be expected to offer an explanation. "I understood 'twas something about Solon Hickey. Squire Robinson is good-hearted, but he is quick-tempered and arbitrary, and hard to get along with. There was his son Tom. Tom is like the Applebys; his mother was old Parson Appleby's daughter, refined, and sensitive, and high-spirited too. The squire was mad because he couldn't make a farmer of him, and stop his inventing things, and Tom went 'way off to Chicago, and he's never been home since, and I don't believe the squire hears from him at all. Tom's aunt, Rebecca Trueworthy, told me he was doing well, and was getting up an improvement on telephones that was going to be a great thing. Why, Ruthy Ellen, you're dreadful pale! You'd better lie down and take a nap."

Ruth Ellen availed herself of this opportunity to retire to her room, but she did not take a nap. She counted the rising suns on the bed-quilt and the green roses on the wall-paper to keep herself from thinking, and wished that she were dead. Once or twice she remembered to reproach herself that she no longer seemed to care about David's colt, although Miss Thusy's faded old eyes were red with weeping, and her cheerfulness pathetically forced.

It became evident at length that there was no virtue whatever in the rising suns or the green roses, counted up or down or from side to side, and the rising suns had grown to look like grinning fiends. Her head was bursting, and the silence and loneliness were unendurable.

"There's Marilly Cleaves bringing the raspberries she's been picking for me," she heard Miss Thusy say as she ran down-stairs, and she followed Miss Thusy out to the gate.

"Here's the bride and groom comin' along, 'pearin' out!" cried Marilly (lank and freckled and fifteen), in gleeful excitement—"Mr. and Mis' Roberson—Lizy Ann Hickey that was. Ain't they a handsome couple?"

Miss Thusy adjusted her glasses. Ruth Ellen turned her back to the road. The flower garden and the orchard and the crooked willow-tree seemed to be dancing around her in a mad whirl. Then suddenly she trod her weakness under-foot, and turned steadily around.

A spruce young man, in a gay neck-tie, pronounced gloves, and a jaunty cane, painfully conscious of unaccustomed splendor, walked beside Lizy Ann, whose dilapidated morning finery was exchanged for fresh gorgeousness, and whose crimps had escaped from their chrysalis state into marvellous golden fluffiness.

Ruth Ellen drew a long breath.

"I'm afraid Bill Robinson's got more'n he bargained for," said Miss Thusy, with a prophetic shake of the head.

"*Bill?* I thought the squire's son was Tom?" said Ruth Ellen.

"Good land! you didn't think the squire's son had married Lizy Ann Hickey, did you? Come to think of it, there was talk of that. Bill is kind of a connection, and used to work at the squire's, and when he first began to court Lizy Ann, Tom bore the blame to screen him. Consid'able of it was pride, too, I guess; being hurt that his father should misjudge him, so'st to think he would go to see Lizy Ann. And Hickey he got hold of what the squire thought, and spread the story. He's had a grudge against the squire ever since he got him put into jail for stealing. I shouldn't wonder if that had something to do with Tom's going away. When the squire gets a notion in his head, there's no driving it out, and Tom wa'n't one to try."

Ruth Ellen returned to her room. What an inoffensive, cheerful work of art a rising-sun quilt was! And green was not a bad color for roses.

She wrote a letter to Tom with a sentence in it which puzzled him very much, and which seemed to him entirely out of keeping with the good sense which he fondly believed to be one of Ruth Ellen's prominent characteristics. "You have something dreadful to forgive me for, Tom, and I want you to do it, and *never* ask me what it is."

The squire came driving along toward nightfall.

"I've got him!" he called to Ruth Ellen as he alighted. "Hickey's coming with him. I made the rascal go and fetch him himself. The poor old beast was dizzy, and fell in the mill, and they were getting ready to knock him on the head. Look here, Miss Thusy! I've been trying to give my daughter-in-law a present, and if I ain't mightily mistaken I've got hold of the right girl *now!* It isn't much of a present, but it's what she wants; and by-and-by, when the knot is actilly tied, I'm

going to give her another present—a little paper that you and I know of, that 'll give her the old place free and clear. Somehow she suits me. I don't know whether it's because I like the Herrick blood, or because she called me names. Here comes Hickey!"

With trembling steps Miss Thusy hurried across the yard. The old horse came limping dejectedly along, and as his mistress drew near he raised his drooping head and looked at her with humanly reproachful eyes. But as she raised her little bent figure on tiptoe and threw her arms around his neck, he lowered his cadaverous head and gently rubbed her shoulder.

"Oh, Tim, forgive me!" said Miss Thusy, with tears of mingled penitence and joy.

"Turrible gret fuss 'bout an ole hoss," said Solon Hickey. SOPHIE SWETT.

BUTTER AND FATS.

ABSTRACT OF PAPER READ BY DR. THOMAS TAYLOR, MICROSCOPIST OF THE UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, BEFORE THE AMERICAN MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY, AUGUST, 1885, AT CLEVELAND, OHIO.

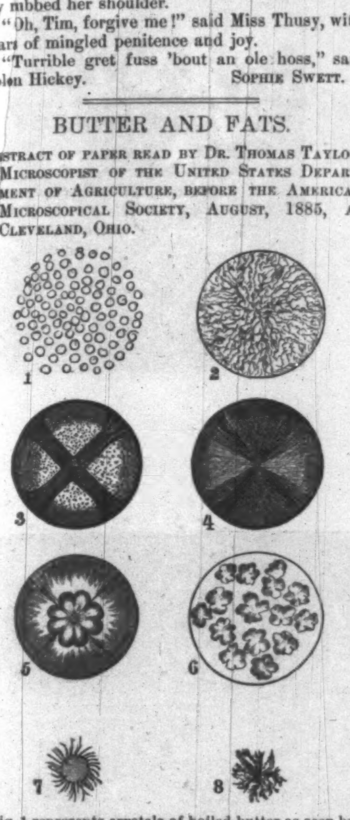


Fig. 1 represents crystals of boiled butter as seen by a pocket lens.

Fig. 2, a single crystal of butter, highly magnified, viewed by transmitted light only.

Fig. 3, a crystal of butter viewed by polarized light only; it exhibits the cross of St. Andrew.

Fig. 4, a crystal of butter as seen under polarized light and selenite plate; in this case beautiful colors are displayed, while the cross is but faintly seen.

Fig. 5 represents what seems to be a budding butter crystal. (See description.)

Fig. 6 represents the rosette crystals of butter.

Fig. 7, the crystalline form of lard.

Fig. 8, the crystalline form of beef fat.

SINCE 1876, when my first paper was published on "Butter and Fats," in the New York *Microscopical Quarterly Journal*, I have devoted a good deal of time to the investigation of this subject, principally with the view of finding a method by which I could, by the aid of the microscope, detect butter from butter substitutes. As a result of many experiments I find that a person experienced in the use of the microscope may distinguish the fats of various animals and of vegetables by following the methods herein described.

The experimenter should first procure a specimen of common lard. This is composed mostly of crystalline starry forms, which represent the solid fat of the lard. Real lard is composed of these and the oil common to lard. In very hot weather, when the thermometer is up in the nineties, the crystals dissolve in the oil, and perfect crystals can not then be obtained unless cooled slowly to about 70° Fahr.

Place a drop of sweet-oil on a glass slide, 3×1 inches, with the point of a needle. Place a small portion of the lard in the oil, and mix them together. Place a microscopic glass disk over the lard and oil mixture, and press gently. If held up to the light, white granules will be seen if the temperature is not over 80° Fahr.; these are fatty crystals. Under a low power of the microscope it will be observed that these crystals have stellar forms with dark centres, and spines radiating from them. (See Fig. 7.)

To procure normal crystals of beef kidney fat, render a piece of this fat in an iron pan without water. Strain, and add sufficient sweet-oil to bring the fat to the consistency of butter. Cool slowly for a period of from twelve to twenty-four hours. Mount in oil as directed in the case of lard. The crystals in this case present quite a different appearance from those seen in lard. (See Fig. 8.) View them by polarized light, with and without selenite plate. The beef crystals, to be seen to advantage, require a power of at least 500 diameters, being very small, although they appear very interesting objects with a power as low as 80.

When it is desired to examine the crystals of butter, boil about an ounce of pure newly made butter in a test tube or iron spoon for a period of several seconds; allow it to cool as directed in the case of beef and lard; place a few grains of it on a slip of glass; pour over it a few drops of alcohol (or better, with alcohol nine parts, carbolic acid one part); separate the crystals with a pin, and view them with a pocket lens; they will appear like the eggs of insects (Fig. 1). Place a second portion of the same butter on a glass slide 3×1 inches; combine it with a drop of sweet-oil by means of a pin, reducing the butter to granules; cover with a thick disk of glass, and view first with plain transmitted light, when crystals like Fig. 2 will be seen. Second, by polarized light; in this case place the polarizer low down, and turn this prism round until its face angle crosses the face angle of the analyzing prism above. Under these conditions a dark ground is produced, and the butter crystals, which are globular in form, are seen in bold relief. The butter globular crystals will now exhibit a well-defined black cross representing that known as St. Andrew's. (See Fig. 3.) Fig. 4 represents a crystal of butter showing divisions produced in prismatic colors when the selenite plate is used with polarized light. If old butter or a poor oily butter is used in this experiment, the secondary crystals of butter are generally shown. These crystals are of rosette form, much smaller than that of the globular, and exhibit no cross. (See Fig. 6.)

The globular crystals of butter, when kept for a month or more, seem to bud like a vegetable spore, and frequently every round crystal will show projecting from each a smaller crystal. (See Fig. 5.) The globular forms generally vary from the $\frac{15}{10000}$ of an inch to the $\frac{1}{100}$ of an inch in diameter. These forms are never seen in pure beef or lard fats. Care should be observed not to press the crystals flat, especially the globular crystals, as the cross is not seen when severely pressed.

Butter crystals vary slightly from each other in size and in some other slight particulars, such as color. A butter received from Tennessee, made from milk of Holstein and native breed, shows on its crystals indentations—a condition represented in no other butter yet observed. The butter crystals seen in the butter made at Mr. Frank Ward's dairy, from milk of Alderney cows, of Washington, also differ in some particulars from all others examined, being darker in color, spines longer, and of larger size. Specimens intended for permanent use should be mounted with a varnish ring, to prevent the cover from pressing on the crystals, and to prevent the movement of the cover used to protect them.

I have examined quite a number of other fats, vegetable and animal, and find thus far that animals and vegetables of distinctly different genera, and even species, yield fats which give typical fatty crystals characteristic of the animals and plants which yield them, and I am confident that my new discoveries will prove useful to microscopists and chemists when investigating adulterated substances used as food or in medicinal preparations. Many scientific men have urged me to continue these investigations, the result thus far being highly appreciated.

VIRGINIA SUMMER RESORTS.

THE deer taught to the Indian, and he in turn to the clumsier senses of the white man, the value of the mineral springs of Virginia. But that which distinguishes the Virginia variety of white man is a certain philosophical optimism that makes even his ailments minister to his pleasures. In other States sulphur is a medicinal term, and belongs to the pharmacopœia. But in Virginia, at the red, blue, green, yellow sulphur springs, it stands for rainbow-hued pleasure, and at the White Sulphur Springs receives its apotheosis. The morning greetings around the temple to Hygeia, underneath which flows the sulphur spring, is but one of the pleasant and time-honored customs. It is only when the waters are challenged by some upstart spring that the cold facts embodied in the analysis, and the rheumatics and dyspeptics that come for the waters, have any importance in the minds and thoughts of the regular *habitués*.

The White Sulphur Springs—or "the White," as it is affectionately abbreviated by the natives—has been a place of resort since 1788. Although time and money have contributed much, nature was from the first lavish in the wild beauty of the surroundings. Elevated over 1500 feet above the sea-level, the mountains stand removed. Lover's Leap overlooks the spacious valley of Howard's Creek. There are winding drives skirting the mountain-side, and rugged paths for the horsemen far and near. In the centre of this leafy plateau among the mountains stands the hotel, with its white columns marshalled on every side. The hotel has had its vicissitudes, but the cottages are historic. They bound three sides of a hollow square. The aboriginal logs still present a brave front in white porticoes and columns that are yet a prominent and favorite feature of architecture in the South. Colonnade Row, Georgia Row, Carolina Row, are geographical divisions that every one familiar with life at the White Sulphur will recognize. The scene—the green lawn brightened by flower plots, the dazzling white of the cottages and hotels against the background of foliage, with mountains standing guard in the rear—is not easily paralleled.

The social life is also unique. In the first half of the century, and up to the civil war, during the season, the White Sulphur presented the most picturesque and gratifying aspects of Southern life. All the wild mountain roads led thitherward, and from every point of the compass the social stage and family coach, with four horses and outriders, kept company. These journeys were of days, and the hostelries on the way found renown in superior fried chicken, waffles, or corn-bread. The railroad brings no such picturesque dash and movement as did these arrivals, when amid the snapping of whips and tooting of horns the capacious equipages disgorged masters and mistresses, men and maids, white, black, and yellow, before the assembled company.

In those days people did not come away from home so much as bring their homes, or as much as possible of their homes, with them. This flavor of domesticity, so rare in hotel life, the White Sulphur Springs has never lost. More than anything else, it has contributed to the wholesomeness of the social organization. The same people met year after year. Amid dancing, riding, hunting, flirting, half the weddings for the ensuing year were projected. There was no rashness in this, for each genealogical tree had long been climbed even to its remotest branches. The White Sulphur has always been celebrated as a matrimonial field, and there is still a small shop kept in which engagement rings have always been a specialty. Local pride in the Springs has contributed to the enjoyment of the stranger. When General ROBERT E. LEE was an accustomed visitor to the Springs, he made a point, it is said, of making the acquaintance of strangers that he might present them to others, and thus make their stay agreeable. So beautiful an example has not been without its effect.

During the war the Springs were abandoned, and the buildings greatly suffered. But the smoke had scarcely cleared away when the tide turned toward the old familiar routes. The logs yawned and the roofs leaked, but every habitable cottage held a merry party. A solitary candle and a cracked looking-glass sufficed for festal toilets. Midnight emigrations, caused by sudden mountain showers, often made the night as lively as the day, and the serving of dinner in soup dishes or saucers only heightened the zest with which it was enjoyed.

Those days are now only reminiscences. The hotel, which has always been in a chronic state of embarrassment, has received additional capital with every change of owners, and it now represents millions in money. This money the visitors to the White Sulphur receive the benefit of in the spacious accommodations and beautiful, well-kept surroundings. Since the war there has been a larger proportion of Northern and Western people. These have brought about some new features. Politics used to be the only topic that intruded on social enjoyment at the White Sulphur, although in those older days politics was more of a diversion than a business. But now stock quotations are introduced, and a branch brokers' firm will doubtless follow. The temple to the Goddess of Chance, recently built in a sequestered spot, is viewed with eyes askant by the matrons on the piazza.

But notwithstanding these modern innovations, the White Sulphur Springs still belongs to youth and beauty. It is not Hygeia who reigns here, but Terpsichore. She needs no commemorative statue, for she is embodied in a hundred flying forms. Dancing is at no other watering-place so unremitting. Morning germans and evening balls divide the day, and these form a spectacle that the fringe of older people about the wall finds always diverting. Sunday is strictly observed, but on Sunday evening the tread-mill is in movement. The tread-mill takes the place of the usual ball. It is only the endless promenade of the visitors around the vast circuit of the hotel parlor, but it is infinitely amusing, and one of the features of the place.

One of the advantages of the White Sulphur Springs is its accessibility to the various points of interest in this part of the two Virginias. This is in great measure aided by the Ohio and Chesapeake road in its course down the wild cañon of the New River. This mountain region is a vast curiosity shop of Nature's own forming. Beneath the surface some witch's caldron sends up through crevices and fissures uncanny brews—hot, warm, and cold—each dashed with some decoction more witch-bespelled than the last. Streams plunge underground and lose themselves, re-appearing miles distant in some unrecognized form. Mysterious sink-holes are found everywhere, and almost every estate has its private cave. The Blowing Cave, Meyers Cave, the Luray Caverns, and the Saltpetre Cave at the Natural Bridge have won public renown. In their recesses are strange colossal forms hewn out in some Titanic days.

The Natural Bridge has long and varied claims to attention. It is a wonderfully perfect arch of Nature's masonry, under which plunges a foaming stream. It is a monument of WASHINGTON'S ambition and persistence, since he once established an unhappy precedent by carving on some inaccessible spot his name. There is also a tradition that he once threw a dollar across from cliff to cliff, an evidence of his well-known athletic powers. A few years ago, when a party of tourists, of whom Mr. EVARTS was one, was visiting the Natural Bridge, some skeptic remarked, "I don't believe WASHINGTON ever threw a dollar across this chasm." "You forget," said Mr. EVARTS, "that a dollar went further in those days." This witticism is now one of the permanent associations of the place.

HON. IRA DAVENPORT.

THE candidate of the Republican party for Governor, the Hon. IRA DAVENPORT, is still a "young" man, having been born in 1841, in Hornellsville. His father, who was a man of considerable wealth, was known and respected for his benevolence, and the son inherited with the wealth the father's generous disposition. In the town of Bath, where he now resides, he has taken an active part in charity, is the chief director in the Davenport Home for Orphan Girls, founded by his father, and has done much for the famous Soldiers' Home, to which he gave $5000 and warm support in the State Senate. His political career began in 1877, when he was elected State Senator. In 1879 he was re-elected, and in 1881 was elected Comptroller of the State. In his first election to the Senate he changed a Democratic plurality of 2570 to 1701 Republican, which he increased in 1879 to 5778. As candidate for Comptroller he led the ticket with a majority of 14,084. While in the Senate he served continuously as chairman of the Committee on Commerce and Navigation. He was regarded as one of the leaders of the majority on account of his industry, fairness, sound judgment, and wide information. But he was not an active or a prejudiced partisan.

As Comptroller, he succeeded Mr. WADSWORTH, who is now a candidate for the same office on the ticket with Mr. DAVENPORT. He pursued and developed the policy his predecessor had adopted, especially with reference to taxation, and from these two men originated about all the constructive and valuable legislation during their terms. Mr. DAVENPORT also did much to curb the extravagance of Legislative committees, many of whose bills he refused to pay, and he was particularly skillful in the re-investment of State funds. In 1883 he was again nominated as Comptroller, but was defeated with the rest of the ticket. He is a gentleman of many accomplishments and attractive qualities, and in the society of the State capital has always been a favorite.

BLUE-FISHING.

BLUE-FISHING is sport for the active, not the contemplative, fisherman, for he is the gamest of all sea-fish to troll for—the "biting dancer," as the ichthyologists have aptly named him. "He can jump higher"—this is the testimony of an old fisherman—"come down quicker, dive deeper, and stay under longer than any other salt-water fish of his size." When you go after him you have a day's sail far enough out at sea to try your endurance—that, too, in the best months of the year for good winds and fine sailing—you get a dish fit for a breakfast after a preceding day of exertion, and you have the excitement of hauling in strong captives; so that whether regard be had to mere relaxation, to physical exercise, or to the fruit of your labor, blue-fishing must be given a high place among the sports.

The blue-fish, like the rest of us, is an immigrant. He was not known in our waters till about seventy-five years ago, and he did not take up what gives promise of being permanent residence in our part of the Atlantic till 1850; but now he is found along our coast from Maine to the bays of the Southern States. In the first year of his life he goes forth on a deep-sea voyage, and when he comes back, aged one, he is a two-pounder. At this age he may be entrapped in nets, if the nets be of uncommonly strong material; but when he becomes a trifle more mature his teeth defy any hinderance to his freedom offered by obstructions less hard than steel. It is in the autumn of his second year, September and October being the best trolling months, that he challenges the sportsman. Then shoals of them, each one weighing from three to five pounds, with here and there a ten-pounder, once in a season a twenty-pounder, and once in a decade a thirty-pounder, await the squids of the trollers. For a troller's outfit consists of a bone, ivory, or metallic squid with a strong sharp hook, a rawhide link to the line, a line from fifty feet to fifty yards long, and a sailboat that is not afraid of white-caps and would even take pleasure in a squall. If your line be a quarter of an inch in diameter you will have no need to wish it smaller if your luck be good; and when you draw it in, the stoutest gloves will not suggest effeminacy. When a large blue-fish tries his strength with you and churns the sea, the line is unmerciful to your fingers. When you go out with the blue-fishing fleet, then, you are not going angling for submissive bass in an inland lake with bamboo rod and plated reel. Cat-boats, sloops, schooners, yachts, make up a fleet every day at this season, from starting-points to the fishing grounds off Long Island and the Jersey coast, and the first sport of the day is a sail seaward. The flood tide is the best for trolling, and when a shoal has been found the fishermen can follow them shoreward, nearing home as the sport goes on. The process is as simple as it is exciting. The outrigging adjusted, the lines are thrown out, and, when a blue-fish strikes a squid it is with no uncertain motion. The best feature of the sport is that, once in the fishing grounds, amateur and professional alike are certain to have good luck, if perchance seasickness do not take the joy out of living, even when blue-fishing is added to other good reasons for existence.

To enumerate the pleasures of this sport you must put down first the pleasure of an autumn sail when the wind is stiff and the salt spray invigorating, but this is a mere incident in the delightful expectation of drawing in a twenty-pounder, and the more delightful sensation of having the luck to catch even a ten-pounder; then the play and power of the "dancer" while he offers resistance—the gameness of the game; then for the amateur the satisfaction of having game that needs no exaggeration to make a heroic story, and for the old sportsman the opportunity for the display of skill; and to all these pleasures must be added the spice of adventure that sailing in a fishing craft has even for the professional troller. You get game, too, that is worth the trouble.

There is such a thing as angling for blue-fish, and it is uncommonly vigorous angling. You must have a steel-covered line—a piano-forte string is good—and you must have the courage to bear an energetic shock when the fish strikes, and a strong arm to haul him out if he has passed infancy. But of all fish the blue-fish most surely was made by nature to be trolled for.

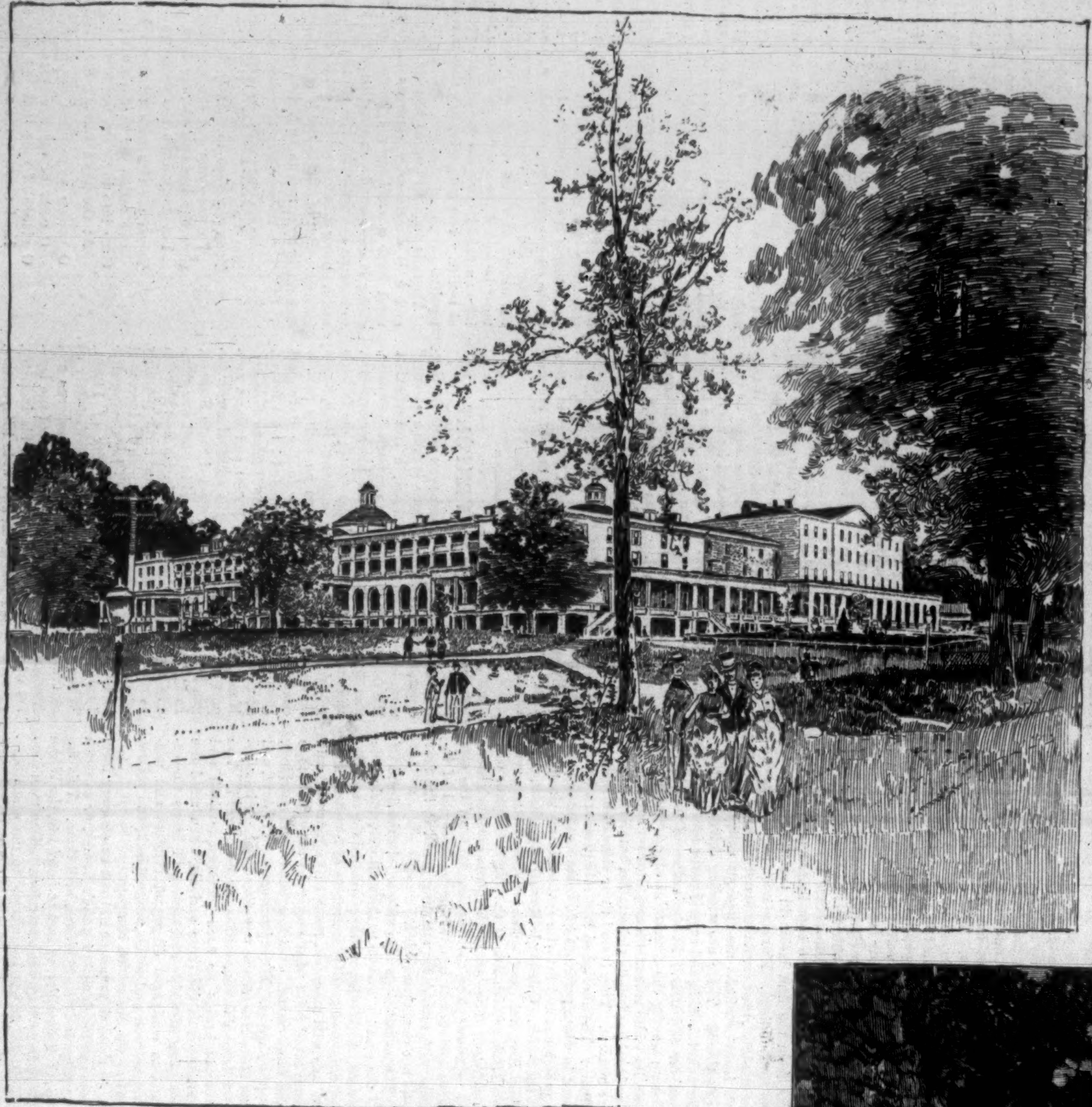
MORNING SONG.

TURN thy face to me, my love,
I come from out the morning;
Give thy hand to me, my love,
I'm dewy from the dawning.

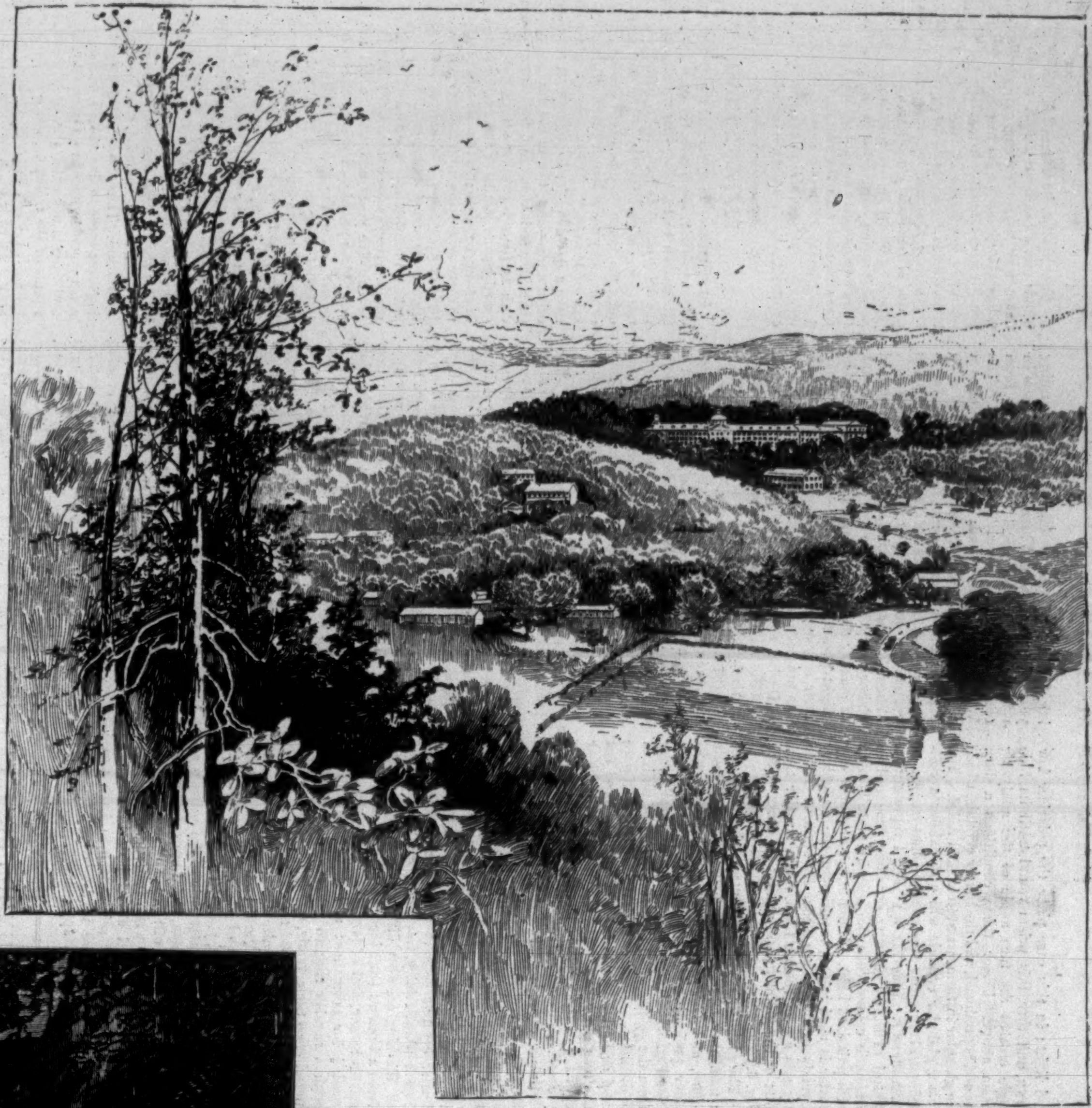
Touch my lips with thine, my love,
I've tasted air at daybreak;
Gaze into my eyes, my love,
At the sky's waking they wake.

O golden wave upon thy brow,
O color of thy smiling;
O glance of eyes that like the stars
Lead through the world's beguiling!

R. H. L.



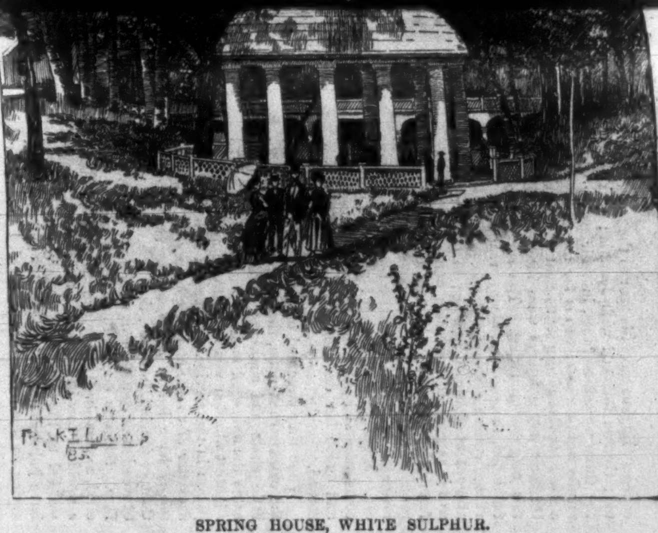
THE WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS HOTEL.



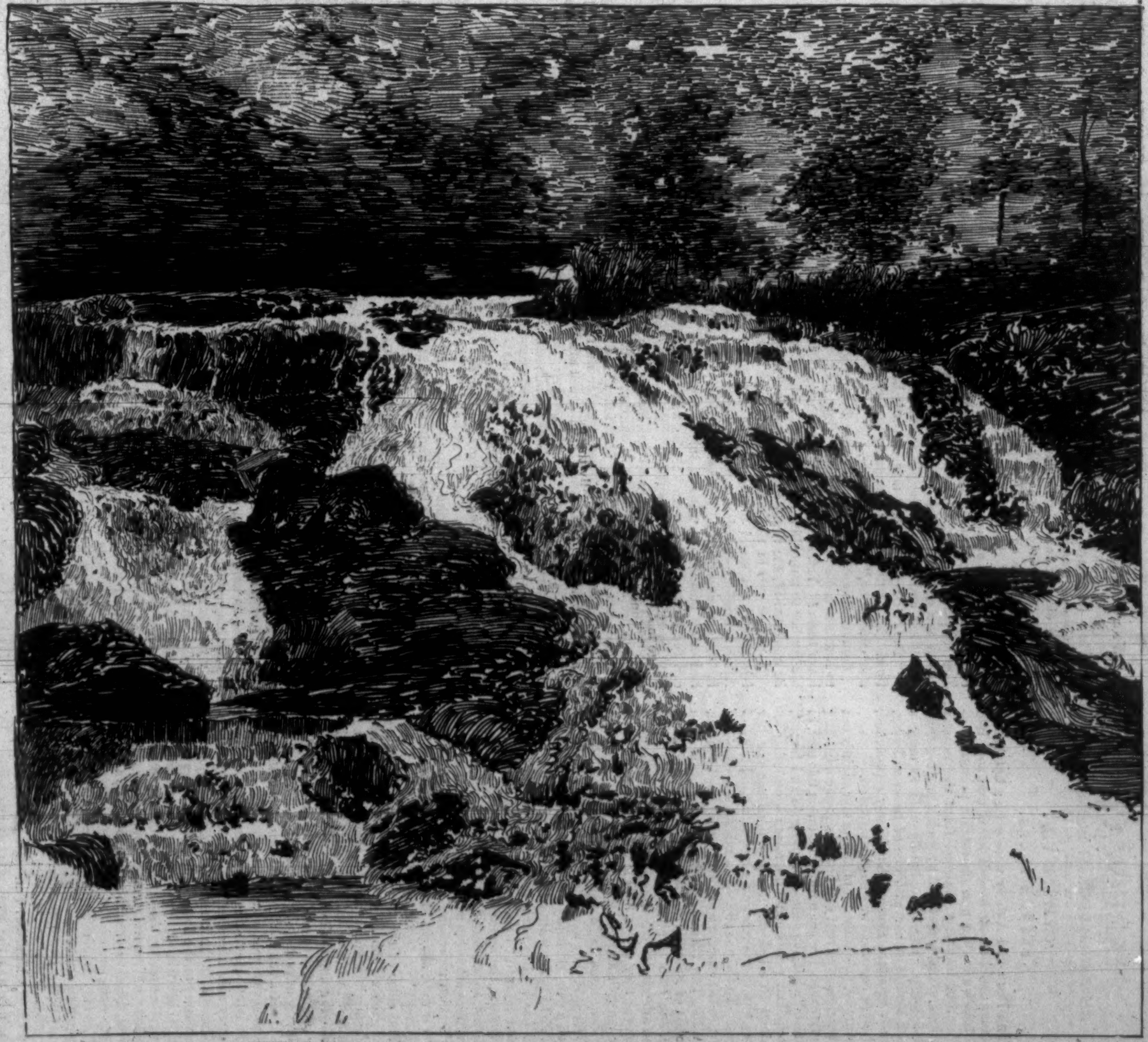
GENERAL VIEW OF THE WHITE SULPHUR.

PULPIT ROCK, NATURAL BRIDGE.

THE NATURAL BRIDGE.


SPRING HOUSE, WHITE SULPHUR.

CAVE, NATURAL BRIDGE.


CASCADE, NATURAL BRIDGE.

SUMMER RESORTS IN VIRGINIA.—DRAWN BY F. E. LUMMIS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILDER, JAMAICA PLAIN, MASSACHUSETTS.—[SEE PAGE 647.]

HALF-WAY.*

AN ANGLO-FRENCH ROMANCE.

CHAPTER VII.

FRENCH FACES.

The Dean and Aubrey were gone; but before Camma could throw herself heart and soul into Millison's affairs, a new distraction presented itself. She had just returned from the railway station, no little saddened by such a parting from old friends. The Dean, hardly able to utter a word, looked at her with one of those suffering, almost agonized glances that keenly reproached, although reproach was hardly intended.

Aubrey, evidently out of spirits and slightly out of temper, gave vent to a final sarcasm concerning the frivolous French nation. Camma felt that, in spite of what singleness of purpose and honest, out-spoken words could do, misunderstanding remained on all sides. Neither the Dean nor her lover was in the least able to understand her motives. To the one she was a misguided, visionary girl; to the other, a wayward, self-inflated woman.

When two visitors were announced, this time friends of French friends in Alsace, as the cards ran, she rose to receive the strangers cordially, even affectionately. She felt so grateful to them, whoever they might be, for coming to see her in her chagrin and isolation, old or young, Catholic or Protestant, fashionable townsfolk or homely provincials, they were thrice welcome. There entered a pair, evidently brother and sister, to whom the girl's heart warmed at once, whilst her quick eyes studied them as a picture. "Why is it," she asked herself, "that, irrespective of natural endowments, the appearance of French people is so finished, so attractive? Does the secret lie in the fastidious attention to the smallest detail of dress we English reprehend in them as mere frivolity, or is it to be sought in unstudied inbred ease and elegance?"

The elder of the two wore a soldier's dress—that garb we should very likely consider the most engaging imaginable were it disassociated in our minds with bloodshed and deeds of inhumanity. Without going to the cost of the matter, it is easy to see why any son of Adam should naturally look to better advantage in a brilliant uniform than in the black frock-coat and hideous pantaloons now accepted as a gentleman's dress all over the world. Especially in sun-bright, vivacious France does military costume seem appropriate, and in nice accordance with the fitness of things. War, indeed, is a reality to the French mind as to every other; but the heart beats lightly under the martial tunic as well as under the civilian's black cloth; the elasticity of natural temper and joyousness of spirits seem to demand, even to exact, a bright, jaunty exterior.

The lady was evidently three or four years younger than her brother; that is to say, about twenty-five. Her appearance struck the observant mind of the English girl quite as forcibly as that of her handsome, animated companion, although it was the least obtrusive possible. In fact she wore black, which may or may not be symbolic of mourning in France, and yet is ever devoid there of the gloom and unbecomingness inseparable from sables in other countries. Here, however, the dress was relieved of all monotony; firstly, by the bunch of violets, imitated as violets can be imitated only by deft fingers of French flower-makers, in the black lace bonnet, and the tiny amethyst brooch fastening the strings; there was also a knot of the same colored ribbon on the parasol, whilst the gloves, fitting as if the wearer kept in her employ an especial glover, whose sole business it was to glove her, were seamed with silk to match. A scrutinizing observer, moreover, could have noted that the slender feet, so beautifully fitted by the light walking shoes, were encased in fine violet silk stockings. She was then in half-mourning. There was nothing extraordinary in such a dress, yet it captivated the English girl's fancy, chiefly by reason of its consummate neatness and finish. There, indeed, is the true secret of a French woman's success in matters of the toilet. Down to the minutest particular, however unelaborate the general effect, each part is perfection itself. As well expect to find a false quantity in Horace's Odes, or a lame hexameter in Virgil, as a stitch too long or a fold too many in a French woman's gown.

A great French writer has laid it down as a maxim that the beauty of his countrywomen is made up of little nothings; and certain it is that Camma could hardly have said why she found her visitor fascinating. The subtle charm, the incommunicable grace, is not to be defined any more than certain qualities of mind and character which, without learning or genius, yet render their possessor the most delightful phenomenon in the world.

"We have come in the place of our grandmamma," began the wearer of the violets, evidently on her side no little interested by the naïveté and wild-rose freshness of the Saxon maiden. "She received a letter this very day from our friends in Alsace asking us to call upon you. This is my brother, Captain Eugène Hervé, and we want you to go home with us for a day or two, if you will consent."

"How kind! how delightful!" cried Camma, having held out a cordial hand to each. "I have never staid in a French house in my life."

"And we have never entertained an English visitor in our lives," said the Captain. "On which side is the greater daring?"

"I am sure to be delighted with everything," Camma replied, innocently.

"Then we in our turn will do our best not to be disconcerted," he returned. "Although, being French and English, we are in duty bound to find each other odious."

All then laughed at this sally, and immediately became friends.

"We are homely folks," began the first speaker.

"Then there are homely folks in France?" asked Camma, opening her blue eyes.

"And elegant folks in England?" put in the Captain. "It is evident we shall have to modify our national ideas on further acquaintance."

This beautiful slender girl, with golden hair and natural out-of-door bloom, had a certain careless elegance in unaccustomed French eyes. The simple white cambric dress, too, so becoming to the season and the wearer, added to the brightness and charm of the picture.

"The country is pleasant now, and it is holiday time. You will see our Burgundy under favorable conditions," added the lady.

Camma's thoughts had meantime flown back to Nurse Brindle and her charge. Ought she to leave them? Yet, she reflected, it was not possible for her to nurse him herself; and so long as he remained ill, she could continue her journey.

A day or two in the country with these new friends did not stand in the way of any duty. After a brief explanation, everything was satisfactorily arranged. The brother and sister, who had other business to transact in town, were to call for her later, and meantime she was free to arrange matters with her nurse.

"Oh, Brinney dear," Camma cried, holding the cards in her hand, "something so unexpected, so pleasant, has happened. But first tell me all about Millison. What is really the matter with him? Was he glad to see you? Did he ask after me?"

"Miss Camma, darling, could Solomon himself top and tail three shrimps at a time? One question first, please. I can tell you what is the matter with Mr. Millison better than all the doctors. He has just lost himself, like many another poor soul, and does not know which way to go."

"This illness is brought on by sheer worry?" asked Camma. "Will he have brain-fever, think you?"

"Are not all fevers brain-fevers?" asked Ann. "But it won't come to that with Mr. Millison. We'll bring him round, never fear."

"Was he pleased to see you?" repeated Camma.

"Pleased as a child. 'Ann,' were his first words, 'I'm a Catholic. Send for a priest.'"

"What did you say to that, Brinny dear?"

"It is of no use to give pills and powders to sick folks so long as you contradict them. Says I: 'Nothing easier; the place swarms with them; only you had better wait till to-morrow.'"

"Did that pacify him?"

"Miss Camma, what ever pacified any one down with fever but the poppy-heads? He began to wander, so I whipped the sleeping draught off the side-board and poured it down his throat; now he is as quiet as a babe in the cradle."

"Then nothing was said about me at all?" Camma asked.

"Just a word. 'If you are here, then, of course, Camma is here,' he said; 'I should like to see her.' And what should I say but to-morrow."

"Nursie," Camma said, "you will then take care of Millison whilst I am away. I am going to spend a day or two in the country with French friends."

"To break bread with folks who never say their prayers, Miss Camma?"

"To-morrow is Sunday. If you go to church you will be astonished to see how many people do say their prayers," was the reply. "But you will not overtire yourself, will you now? You will ask for everything you require, and take a turn out-of-doors every now and then."

"Never fear for me. And I have not yet told you. I saw the Dean before he went, and he shook my hand, too bursting to speak. 'Mr. Dean,' says I, 'I am going to nurse Mr. Millison, and no priest shall cross the threshold of his room if my name is Ann Brindle.'"

"Nursie, you should not have said that."

"Miss Camma, darling, if we only said what other folks think, we should say the world would become a deaf and dumb show. The Dean seemed quite comforted, he did. 'God bless you, Ann!' says he; 'you are a good woman.'"

"Well," Camma replied, "whilst our dear Millison is ill, the fewer people he sees the better. But neither you nor any living soul has any right to keep the priests away if he asks for them when he is well enough to see anybody."

Ann did not look convinced.

"Says the Dean, after he had called me a good woman, 'To my dying day I shall be grateful to you for your motherly care of my poor boy.' I could not speak; the tears were all a-running; but I made him understand that I would stand by Mr. Millison through thick and through thin."

"That, of course, we will both do," Camma said. "So now, Ann, come and get me ready for my French visit. Then Anatole shall bring us some tea in the garden. I like that Anatole."

"He would be well enough if he were not a Frenchman," Ann replied.

"He would not be what he is if he were not a Frenchman."

"Miss Camma, haven't Englishmen legs as nimble, wits as sharp, wills and tongues as ready?"

"They may have, Ann, only they do not make exactly the same use of them. Now you notice the very next thing Anatole says or does, and tell me if a waiter in the White Horse at Ipswich would do the same."

True enough, when, half an hour later, Anatole served tea in the garden, he produced a small bunch of deliciously fragrant crimson and white carnations, which he politely and smilingly offered Mrs. Brindle, to console her during her young lady's absence, as he explained.

"Lord!" cried Ann, almost melted to tears at the sight of her favorite flower, "who would have thought of seeing picotees in France! And I dare say they have williams too. I thank you kindly, I am sure, sir," she added, turning to the delighted Anatole.

"Well," Camma asked, triumphantly, when he had gone, "was I not right? And the presentation of the flowers, too? Were you the first lady in the land, the man could not have been more respectful."

"Ah, Miss Camma," Ann said, "men were born and baptized for other things as well as tying up posies. What about his character as a husband and father?"

"I have no doubt it is irreproachable," Camma replied, quickly. "He is going to bring his children one day for us to see. But here come my visitors."

CHAPTER VIII.

A FIRST SUNDAY IN FRANCE.

The great French writer before mentioned, who described the beauty of his country-women as made up of little nothings, might have said the same of French scenery. Sweeter spots do not lie under the sun than are to be found in Burgundy, for instance; yet how difficult, how all but impossible, to describe them! You may look in vain for a mountain; no stupendous water-falls magnetize travellers thither; lakes are wanting. But subtler, rarer beauties are to be found by those who know in what direction to search. Behind the familiar vine-clad hills through which the incurious traveller is whirled by railway to French Switzerland, lie undreamed-of nooks, green, flowery, delicious; whilst within a walk of the hot Burgundian dusty capital is hidden many a cool forest resort, haunt of the oriole; broad blue rivers flow by beautiful church spires amid smooth emerald pastures; and everywhere you have the sun and the vine. The chief characteristic, perhaps, of Burgundian scenery consists in those combes, or narrow winding valleys, which are really as lovely as anything in nature; all the more so here, because no tourist has taken the trouble to find it out. Excepting, indeed, the unattainable Timbuctoo, or the North Pole itself, there is no spot in the wide world where the misanthropic Englishman would be more certain, even under any circumstances whatever, not to encounter a fellow-countryman.

What, however, would Burgundy be like without the vine? To accustomed eyes, the vine, whether growing in the plain, on rocky hill-side, or trellised as in Italy, must ever be one of the most beautiful plants in the world. The just appreciable, yet never-to-be-forgotten fragrance of its flowers in early summer, the extraordinary luxuriance of its rich green wax-like leaves, its unrivalled fruit, alike the gold and the purple, are not more striking than the beauty of the vine as a foliage clothing slope and ridge. Especially in September, toward sunset, is the effect of a vineyard lovely in the extreme. The leaves are then interpenetrated with warm, golden light; and whilst the edges seem almost transparent, as if transmuted into thin plates of beaten gold, all the rest of the plant, of the thousand plants between you and the sun, are deep-hued as the purpling fruit hid in the greenery.

Where the vine ripens, skies are warm, hearts are light. This region of France, within sight of Mont Blanc, gets icy winds from her mountains in winter, but the summer makes up for everything. No wonder that a certain nonchalance, even mental laziness, is imputed to the bright Burgundian character! Nowhere in the world is there more jollity and open-heartedness; yet, as the famous wine of Bourgoyne is none the less rich and mellow on account of its sparkle, so the character of the people, with all its effervescing gayety, lacks no depth or solidity. There was nothing remarkable about this country house to which Camma's new friends had brought her. A wide, sunny, many-shuttered frontage looking toward the sun; a vast walled-in garden, which, like so many French gardens, seemed to have been planted for once and for all, then left to its own caprices; at the back, an old-world, whitewashed church, with a quaint tower; and clustered round it, as if each tenement had scrambled affectionately to obtain the nearest place under its shadow, the antique houses of the village. Far away, a mere violet cloud above the horizon, stretched those world-famed vine-clad hills, which not inappropriately bear the auspicious name of hills of gold: golden, indeed, they are in more senses than one! Far below, far around, broken here and there by dark forests and gleaming-white villages, was spread the vast rich Burgundian plain.

It was Sunday morning; and as Camma strolled in the garden, asking herself how it was that she could feel so much at home, the church bells began to tinkle for mass. Just then her new friend, the wearer of the violets, came up. Camma had already discovered that although but twenty-five, this young lady was a widow, by name Madame d'Harcourt.

In the family circle, however, she was called, as the French prettily say, by her little name, the half English, half French Jeannie, instead of the more formal Jane or Jeanne. She carried a missal, and was evidently dressed for church.

"You will, I am sure, excuse us all for leaving you a little time, an hour at most," she said. "The gardener will be here, but we always lock up the house on Sunday mornings, so as to let all the servants go to mass."

Camma's mind was made up in a moment. Why should she keep the gardener from his devotions? What conceivable harm could it do her to go too, and thus relieve the household of any inconvenience on her account? Good feeling, good manners, dictated such a course.

"I should like to go with you. I am a Protestant, but I can say my prayers in your church as well as in my own," she said, with a blush and a smile.

"Then I will bid Charles go as well as the rest," was the reply, and a few minutes later the large family party set out. Could anything be more like an English Sunday in the country? Camma thought, barring certain differences of course. Eugène gave his arm to the grandmamma; Camma followed with Jeannie; next came the three women-servants, in their pretty white muslin head-dresses: cap is far too insuggestive a word for feminine gear so neat and becoming. On their way greetings were interchanged with this neighbor and that. The service, too, old-fashioned, monotonous, sleepy, reminded her of village church services at home. There was no attempt at music or singing; in other respects, as far as general impression went, very little difference could be found. She bowed her head reverently and sent up artless prayers for all who loved her far away, especially for Millison Methold. Might he only recover! might he only become wise and good and happy! These began and ended her devotions as far as he was concerned.

When they streamed out of church, exactly as the clock struck noon, there were more friendly little chats and shakings of the hand. Then came the animated mid-day breakfast. Not the slightest allusion was made to Camma's participation in the service. It seemed to be taken as a matter of course and of courtesy. Comments might have led to awkwardness or restraint; Camma fancied, however, that she discerned an expression of contentment on the grandmamma's face. She was one of those unlettered, untravelled, convent-bred old French ladies who, living in a world of new institutions and ideas, yet remain wedded to the old; and though nothing could have induced her to commit the indiscretion of saying so, she nevertheless regarded the appearance of their young visitor at church as an auspicious event. When the two girls were alone, however, the subject came up naturally. Grandmamma drowsed on the balcony till it was time for vespers; Eugène, gun on shoulder, had joined a neighbor or two in search of quails; Jeannie and Camma, provided with large white cotton umbrellas, betook themselves to the shadow of a neighboring wood.

Climbing a breezy bit of open, rocky ground rising high above the village, they followed a tiny path that skirted the copse. What a cool green world was here! Below, the white, vine-clustered walls of the village under a burning blue had a hot Southern look. The picture might have been Greek or Sicilian. But the coppice woods, low, close greenery of yoke-elm, hazel, and oak, with little rifts letting in the azure, reminded Camma of her native Suffolk. Myriads of little birds twittered among the branches; while from one end of the wood to the other might be heard the unmusical call of the beautiful-plumaged jay as fellow saluted fellow from neighboring perch. We must spend hours in such solitude to realize the fraternal spirit animating bird life in the woods; and just as in the human world like consorts with like, so here the little wren has nothing to say to the starling, nor will the wood-pigeon hold intercourse with the magpie. Nowhere is clanship kept up so zealously, social distinctions enforced with such exactitude.

The pair sat down in a natural covert of interlaced branches, and Jeannie began:

"It was kind of you to go to our church this morning in order that the servants might not stay at home, and our Alsacian friend tells us that you are going to pass a novitiate in a kind of Protestant nunnery. That makes your presence at mass this morning all the more enigmatic to me."

Camma was delighted to find some one to confide in. With sweet, blushing, tearful candor she told her artless story.

"I want something to do; I can not lead an idle, aimless existence," she said. "It is not religious ardor that prompts me to give up some years of my life to teaching poor children and nursing the sick; but I am an orphan; I have no claims or duties at home; and I feel that I must have an object in life."

"You are very young to be conscious of these aspirations already," said the young French woman, perusing her companion admiringly and with growing interest. "And in your own England, women—even married women—have so many fields of activity open to them. Strange that you should forsake your own country; stranger still that you should not marry!"

Camma blushed again, that delicious Saxon blush, as foreign to French women as English incapacity to tie bonnet strings! "I will tell you exactly how it is," she said, looking into Jeannie's dark sympathetic eyes with almost sisterly confidingness. "There was only one person in England I cared for enough to marry, and he has gone over to your religion, and is now going to study for the priesthood. That is why I could not bear to stay in England, and why I felt as if I *must* do something. I have been very unhappy."

"Poor child! poor child! But why must that something be in Alsace?—not our Alsace!" asked Jeannie, mournfully. "The tricolor no longer floats over that fair land, as you know. It is a bereaved, an orphaned country."

"I have a friend there; that is why," Camma replied, quickly. "The lady who wrote to you was in England during the war; she constantly talked to us of the good work done at Mulhouse by the Protestant sisterhoods; I wanted to see a foreign country. She promised to find me a home for a year in a pastor's family. There, you have my story—the beginning, the middle, and the end."

"And the other friend you mention—this unspeakably beloved one—where is he?" asked Jeannie, emboldened to put any question she pleased now.

Camma turned to her new confidante with a loving, almost rapturous glance of sympathy, and got out the embarrassing words as best she could.

"He is ill—in the same hotel at which you visited me—the sick friend I spoke of. Is it not odd that we should have met there by chance?"

"Call it not chance, but Providence," said the other; "you will win him back to the faith of his fathers and to love."

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1499.

"I have surely no right to try to do that," Camma replied, in a moved voice.

"No right? And yet you love him!"

Once more those deep velvety eyes looked the English girl through and through; it was the first time that Camma had ever discussed such a subject with any one but Nurse Brindle. She blushed, stammered, and knew not where to begin.

"If I care for him, is not that all the more reason why I should wish him to be happy in his own way? And perhaps a better way than mine too? There was a time—at least I think so—when I could have persuaded him to give up these aspirations. It seemed very wrong. I dared not attempt it."

"You are indeed brave to encounter such a separation," Jeannie replied, sympathetically. "And he is the playmate of your childhood? That makes it all the harder for you."

The pair prattled on after such sisterly fashion that Camma quite forgot she was among foreigners—till yesterday strangers—hundreds of miles away from her childhood's home.

On a sudden, recalled to a sense alike of orphanhood and love, isolation and wealth of friends, she caught Jeannie's hand in her own, exclaiming:

"How good you are to me! I must love you!"

"We talk of these cold English folks!" Jeannie replied, smiling, as she accorded the kiss of friendship, Frenchwise, on either cheek.

CHAPTER IX.

A FIRST SUNDAY IN FRANCE—CONTINUED.

That first Sunday at Velours—so musically was the village among the vines called—Camma would never forget as long as she lived. It seemed to her artless mind as if these impressions and experiences would never end. After that long, glowing afternoon and its captivating confidences with Jeannie in the coppice woods, came the family dinner, ever an event in France.

As the sun to the solar system, so the dinner to French domestic life. All minor incidents are subservient to it, all lesser objects gravitate round it. The dinner diffuses beneficial influence, social and intellectual, and keeps all things in harmonious poise. No wonder that this especial meal fascinated a girl like Camma Joye! She had been reared from infancy upward in the orthodox fare of English country parsonages: Homeric roast, in the shape of a leg of mutton, at the beginning of one week; Homeric boiled, gigantic mass of beef, at the beginning of another: no more likelihood of a new idea in the family ordinary than in the Sunday sermon. What had been digested theologically as well as gastronomically by one generation, might surely suffice for the needs of the next.

Each part of this truly Burgundian feast might be described as a work of art; but the crowning triumph and principal feature was one of those huge game pies which we may compare to a lottery. The pasty, steaming hot and almost as large in circumference as a drum-head, is handed round in order that every guest may help himself. What he gets after that plunge of the fork into the steaming, savory dish is a riddle. Half a score of birds, big, middling-sized, and little, lie there closely embedded in the pasty, brown and glossy as a ripe chestnut. The prize drawn may prove a tiny quail intact, the wing of a partridge, or the clavicle of a huge moor-cock.

Camma's attention was next attracted to the presence of the curé, which indeed is almost as much part of a family gathering in rural France as the incomparable pot-au-feu itself.

Educated to regard the Romish faith with abhorrence proper to a well-ordered Protestant mind, Camma could but ask herself again and again, "Can this homely, kindly, simple-minded man, chatting so pleasantly on ordinary topics, be that wicked, designing, abominable creature, a Popish priest?"

She had that morning heard the worthy curé lecture the poor people about not bringing their children to church, in other words, she had listened to his sermon, and it seemed the most natural occurrence in the world to see him at the family board now. Exactly the same thing would happen in England. Why, then, should she feel a little shocked on realizing all at once that she was eating dinner in company of a curé? Was he not every whit as much of a parish priest as an English rector?

She sat between her hostess, Madame Hervé, and Eugène, no longer the dazzling Eugène of the day before. The gallant Captain had put on civilian's dress, a change that seemed to relieve him, she thought, and not to detract at all from his good looks. How handsome every one was, said the young enthusiast, glancing round the table. Beside Jeannie sat an elderly brother-in-law, one of those unlettered yet polished country gentlemen in France who have come into the nineteenth century bringing eighteenth-century ideas with them. He was exceedingly amiable, lively, and good-looking; no less so his wife, a tall, elegant woman of the world, having with her a young convent-bred daughter of sixteen, an exact copy of herself. One or two other relatives, married cousins living near, made up the party.

"Will you join in the dance at my brother-in-law's to-night?" asked Eugène of Camma. "Or perhaps you prefer not to dance?"

"As if a young lady preferred not to dance! What a question!" put in the old lady, Madame Hervé.

"But, grandmamma, our guest is English, and I have heard it is not the custom to dance in her country on a Sunday."

"Fie, Eugène, you are making fun of me. As if there could be a country in the world where the harmless pastime of dancing was forbidden on Sundays?"

The young man laughed away the awkwardness of the situation.

"At any rate," he said, turning to Camma, "you will not be the only looker-on. The fact is we are terribly in want of partners. My sister Jeannie does not dance, of course, being in mourning. Our niece yonder and one or two daughters of neighbors make up the number. I am passionately fond of dancing, but have to sit out half the evening, simply because I have no one to waltz with me."

Again a momentary conflict occupied Camma's thoughts. What conceivable right had she to act the part of censor here? Of course there could be no real harm in doing anything innocent in itself on a Sunday. At any rate it was not her business to tell French people what was right and what was wrong. She said to her companion, very simply:

"It is certainly not the custom to dance on Sundays at home; but I am in France. I shall be very pleased to dance with you."

"Well said," cried Eugène, delighted at the candor and amiability of the speech. "And if ever I visit England I promise not to dance on Sunday. That is the way to maintain peace and good feeling between the two nations."

An hour later the curé took his leave, and the merry little party set out for the brother-in-law's house at the other end of the village. The night was dark, and the men carried lanterns. Eugène, bidden by grandmamma, gave Camma his arm.

"This is the kind of life we lead in holiday time," he said. "As soon as the long vacation is over, these country houses are deserted for the town, and the serious business of life is resumed by young and old. For," he added, "never believe the current superstition about us French folk. Because we are gay, we are set down as flippant; because we have light hearts, we are supposed to be without heads—a conclusion which does not necessarily follow." Both laughed. He went on:

"There is my sister Jeannie, for instance. Who would suppose—but we must speak low, as yet the poor child has not dared to broach her schemes openly—who would suppose, I say, that she is consumed with the desire of studying medicine, or otherwise taking up some career of public usefulness? And she is not alone among her sex. Then there is myself. A soldier, a lover of the dance, a Frenchman—can any good come of such a being?"

Camma thought of Aubrey's speech in front of the musician's statue, and smiled to herself. What would Aubrey say could he see her now in the midst of the flippant, flippant people?

"I can assure you," he went on, in the friendliest, most confidential manner, "I should not have donned the laced and braided tunic of my own free-will. War—of which God forbid I ever see any more!—is utterly loathsome to me. Glory—supposed to be a Frenchman's shibboleth—a hollow sound. Tastes, temperament, conviction, all incline me to the arts of peace."

"Why, then, remain a soldier?" cried Camma, girlishly enthusiastic.

"Hush," he said. "We must not distress the grandmother by these confidences as yet. For, like my sister Jeannie, I have schemes and ambitions—alas! like hers, perhaps never to be realized. But here we are. This is the place of meeting to-night."

It was a handsome house, standing in a high-walled garden and having one enormous reception-room, whither the guests were straightway conducted. A grand piano stood at one end, and after interchange of greetings, Jeannie sat down before it. Soon half a dozen couples were spinning round in mazy whirl, Eugène taking the lead with the English guest. During the waltz more visitors arrived—an old lady chaperoning a tall, well-dressed, but somewhat unprepossessing girl, and these two Camma judged to be not of the family, from the formality of the introductions that followed. And her quick eyes soon discovered something more. This young lady, whose matter-of-fact glances were directed by turns to every person and every object in the room, who seemed indeed bent on taking an inventory of everything, animate and inanimate, it contained, was evidently an heiress. She had been, moreover, brought here with a set purpose. She was destined by designing yet well-meant relations to be the bride of Eugène. Nothing could be clearer, more self-evident, than the little plot as it now developed itself, and it interested Camma extremely, almost painfully. There was such a difference, such an unlikeness, between the two. He all fire, naturalness, and warmth of heart; she all coldness, deliberateness, precision. Even the consciousness that she was the cynosure of all eyes, and uncommonly well dressed, even for a French woman, could not make her really genial. Outwardly genial, of course, up to a certain point, she was—good manners exacted no less. But there were no sparkles, no spontaneities, no charming little surprises such as win hearts.

When the guests adjourned to a neighboring room for tea, Camma watched the pair—Juliette, that was the rich girl's name, and Jeannie—as they talked apart. Jeannie had evidently led up the conversation to her brother. The sweet dark eyes flashed proudly, the sensitive lips trembled with eagerness, the pearly cheek flushed, as with affectionate insinuation she dwelt on the welcome topic. Camma caught the words "My brother Eugène" again and again, and felt quite sure what the conversation was about. Politely, readily, perhaps, to her own thinking, affably, Juliette listened, but without the slightest shade of appreciation or sympathy. She smiled, bowed acquiescence, made polite monosyllabic replies. That was all.

He can never, never marry her, thought Camma, as she now saw Eugène break in upon the *tête-à-tête*. What a contrast the pair presented! His face sensitiveness itself; hers almost automatic in its lack of spontaneity and enthusiasm. Still they continued to talk to each other till the party broke up, and plainly enough to the satisfaction of all lookers-on. When once more the quartette, Madame Hervé, Jeannie, Eugène, and the English guest, emerged into the dark night, the little party kept together and the conversation turned upon Juliette.

"An extremely well-bred girl; that one sees at a glance," began the grandmamma. "As indeed she ought to be, after the sum spent on her education."

"And handsome too; a little cold, perhaps; but that will wear off. The poor girl is an orphan," explained Jeannie to Camma—"a rich orphan brought up by strangers. No wonder she should appear a little suspicious, and not inclined to take people at once into her confidence."

Eugène was silent.

"An extremely well dressed girl," resumed the old lady.

"Perhaps a little deficient in conversational powers as yet," apologized Jeannie, "but accomplished, so they say—above all, a good musician."

"And she has twenty thousand francs a year," put in Madame Hervé.

Even that speech, which seemed intended as a climax, elicited no response from Eugène, and the rest of the walk was made in silence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The Paris dandy of the newest type is called a "mower," because he swings his cane like a scythe when he walks. They take these annoyances very politely in Paris. Almost anywhere else a person who swung his cane that way would be called a nuisance.

It is to be hoped that the experiments reported from Philadelphia in the instantaneous photography of eagles and other birds in flight will not disclose anything so painful as the notorious instantaneous photographs of the horse in motion. There are few people who do not think that if the horse, in the excitement of swift career, really does assume the postures that instantaneous photography makes out, the fact ought never to have been revealed. It would be unpleasant to have the lordly American bird presented in a series of spasms similar to those which convulsed the famous frog observed by the great Galvani.

An article in a recent number of the Weekly spoke of Ashland, Wisconsin, as the terminus of the "Canadian" Pacific Railway, when it should have said "Northern" Pacific Railway. The terminus of the Canadian Pacific is Port Arthur, on Thunder Bay.

A Buffalo newspaper says: "There is among our population of over 200,000 souls no family or hearth to which one can point and say, 'There is the literary centre of Buffalo; it is here we meet to talk and speculate on books and events, and to sharpen our wits in fireside controversy.'" That is precisely the case in London and Paris and other large towns. The honor is divided up. Probably any one house-owner would find it unbearable if all the literary discussion in Buffalo were to be effected over his hearth-stone. Cities work up literature as they do lightning, and harmlessly distribute it. It is a merciful dispensation, and not a matter to awaken grief.

The London *World* says that "the expense to the Emperor of Austria of the recent imperial meeting must have been something awful. It must, in fact, have been the most costly thirty hours in the whole history of the court of Vienna. There were sent from Vienna 500 beds with bedding, 60 court carriages, 150 horses, 1000 pieces of carpet, 400 pairs of curtains, 300 complete breakfast services, 7000 sets of silver forks and spoons, 400 coffee-pots, 300 teapots, 10,000 wine-glasses, 10,000 plates, 1500 bottles of the finest Rhine wines, 2500 bottles of claret, 3000 bottles of champagne, 300 bottles of liqueurs, 200 clocks, 200 pounds of coffee, 50 pounds of tea, 3 hundred-weight of sugar, and 800 pounds of wax candles, as well as scores of wagon-loads of furniture, pictures, plate, and china. The suites and retinues numbered nearly 800 persons. A fire-brigade was also dispatched from Vienna, as well as three military bands and the company of the Vienna Imperial Theatre."

A San Francisco reporter, while passing along the street, was amazed to see through an open doorway a man in the act of driving a tenpenny nail into a wooden beam with blows of his bare hand. The blows were lusty, the nail sank visibly into the wood as each was delivered, and still the man apparently suffered no pain. The reporter approached him, and learned that he had a hand and an arm from the elbow down of hollow steel, the natural limb having been lost by an accident twenty years before.

The London *Globe* says that there are no more shy children. "We have boisterous masters and misses," it says, "and we have quiet, self-possessed ones, some are very unruly and some comparatively tractable, but none are shy. Some Pied Piper of Hamelin has been round and played all the shy ones away." And the shy youth, the *Globe* declares, also no longer exists.

Eight bicyclists who took part in the recent manœuvres of the Austrian army were surprisingly successful, surpassing the horsemen in endurance.

Two hundred public-houses in London were watched between the hours of nine and twelve, on a recent Saturday night, for the purpose of seeing how many persons entered them. The count showed that they were visited by 86,608 persons—men, women, and children—during the three hours.

A gentleman in Paris recently bought a helmet and a pair of swords which he understood were relics of the Middle Ages, and sent them to the museum of his native town, where they were examined by an expert, and classified as "articles of theatrical property which had been corroded by immersion in some chemical preparation."

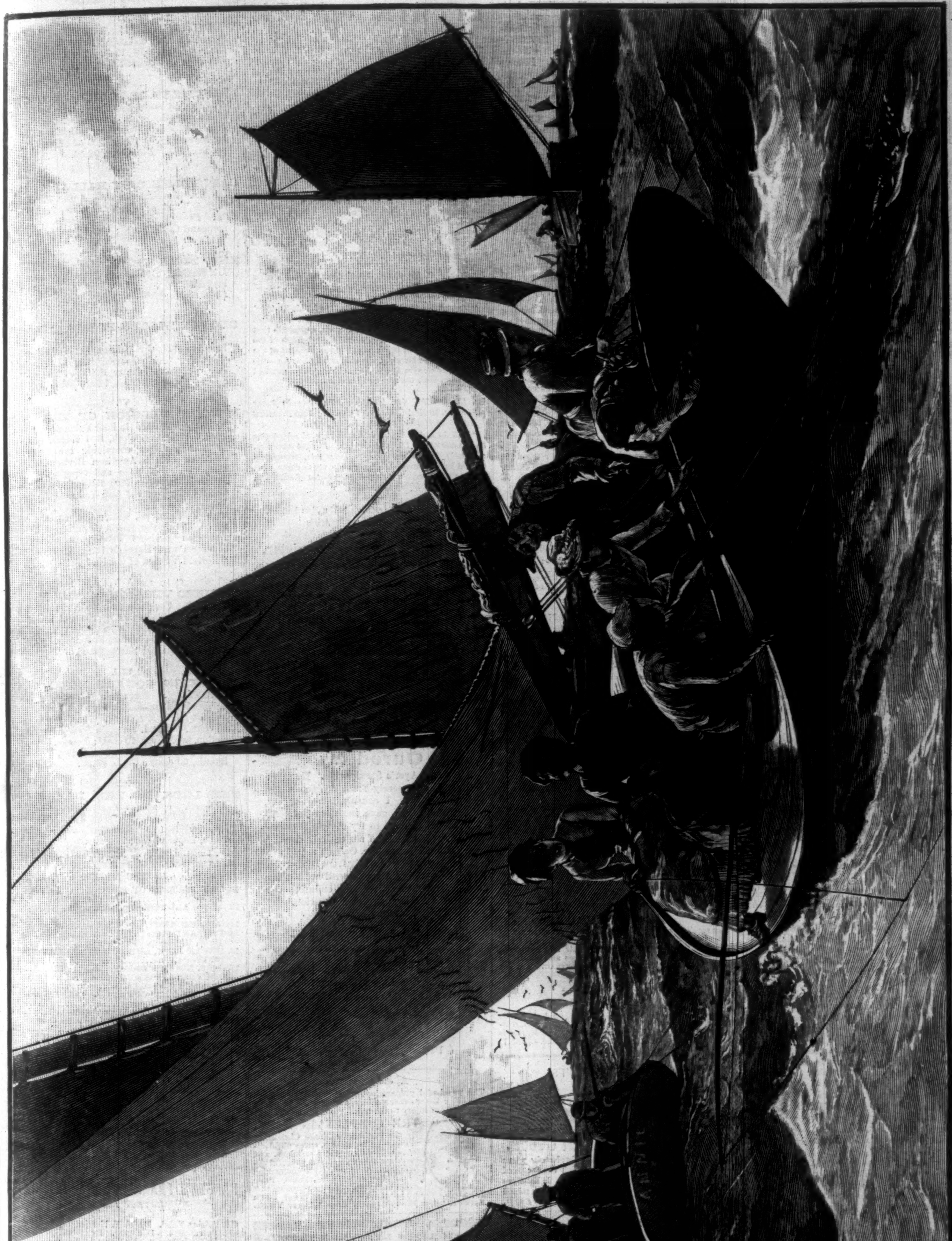
The somewhat astonishing statement is made that there is standing, in a state of good preservation, under the waters of Lake Michigan, a forest of considerable extent, which has been submerged for centuries. Fishermen get their nets caught in it. Occasionally one of its trees is uprooted and cast ashore, and people who have seen such trees declare that they are of an unknown variety, and that, although seemingly sound when they rise above the water, they soon decay and perish on exposure to the air.

A good many people, after seeing or hearing of Lulu Hurst, who is presumably the strongest woman in Georgia, have been curiously awaiting the announcement of the strongest man in that State, and it is now made, although there is not as much detail, or as much clearness about such detail as there is, as could be wished. "Perhaps the strongest man in Georgia," says a Georgia newspaper, "is Mr. Beussee, the blacksmith at Birchmore's shop, Maxey's. He is about six feet ten inches high, stands erect, and his muscles are prominent. He stands and with one hand raises a 120-pound anvil out straight for a minute, and takes a large cart-wheel in one hand by one spoke and holds it out horizontally at arm's-length. We went over last Monday to witness some of this modern Samson's strength, and when we asked him about it, 'Yes,' said he, 'I think I am as strong as any man in this country. I can throw this anvil fifty yards. I use the hammer with my right hand, but believe I am stronger in my left. Here, feel of this arm; measure it if you want to. I have never found a man that was as stout in the arms as I am.'" Until the mystery which still attaches to Mr. Beussee shall have been penetrated, no one can very well understand exactly what sort of a giant he is.

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE HARE.

"It is a wonderfully cunning animal, and is said, by many who have closely studied its habits, to surpass the fox in ready ingenuity."—*Natural History.*

INDIAN WARFARE—THE VILLAGE.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 654.]



BLUE-FISHING.—Drawn by M. J. Burns.—[See Page 647.]

THE INDIAN VILLAGE.

General George Crook, now in the field, advises the Adjutant-General of the Division of the Pacific of the difficulties his force has had to contend with in tracking the Apaches. The whole country is described as being exceedingly rough, and the trails scattered. By means of their scouts the Apaches occasionally make a sharp return on their tracks and supply themselves with food and fresh horses. Though the band is by no means numerous, by splitting themselves up into small raiding parties these Apaches have appeared in what seemed to be widely separated localities. For the pursuing column, a very wide extent of territory has to be watched, and progress has been slow. Rains have been very constant, and the soldiers have suffered no little from loss of rest and damage done to provisions. Whether the Apaches will follow their former custom of joining their various bands in November is doubtful. The General in command is inclined to believe that by dint of persistent military work the dispersion of the Apaches is possible. Such sparse sympathy as has been sometimes meted out to Indians has not been tendered to the Apaches, because they are emphatically designated as "bad Indians," given to murder and rapine. The Apache village in Arizona is an assembly of tents, and may be composed of some ten tepees. It is invariably placed near running water and where some wood can be found. The Indian, however, is much more economical with his fuel than the white man. Never anxious to let his whereabouts be known, he never kindles a big fire. The smoke from the burning embers streaming upward serves as a signal for the scouts, who may be a long way off, and informs them of anything occurring in the village. The two or three horses are hobbled so as to prevent their escape. The Indian shows his mount but little mercy. In summer, when there is grass, the horses pick up a precarious living, but an Indian horse in good condition is a rarity. To decamp is quickly done. The tent poles are lashed to the horses and trail on the ground, and are used to carry the dressed skins and such light traps as the Indians use. Indian villages vary in size, but a community of more than one hundred is exceedingly rare to-day. Counting children and all, as in the village the subject of this illustration, about thirty-five to forty would be the full complement. An Indian village would not be complete without dogs. A number of these are always lurking about, and being generally half starved, are constantly quarrelling. The picturesqueness of an Indian village depends solely on its position, as consorting itself with its surroundings. But once inside the village itself, all the romance attached to the nomad departs, for it always is unsightly, and in summer redolent with those foul odors which even the pure air of the open plain does not dispel.

RECENT AND ANCIENT CYCLONES.

Recently cyclones and storms seem to have circled the whole earth. In the Bay of Bengal a few years ago one formed and passed over the continent, swelling the rivers, and flooding the city of Surat. Five hundred houses are said to have fallen, persons were drowned in the midst of the city, railroad bridges and embankments were swept away. Another storm in Europe startled the city of Paris, tore down the flags and decorations in the Place de la Concorde, broke lamps and windows, and devastated the Jardin des Plantes. "The water-spout was so violent on the Seine," wrote the correspondent of the *Daily News*, "that a river steamer was beaten down upon it, and must have foundered if larger vessels had not gone to its relief." "This hurricane, though of short duration, was more destructive than any storm which has for years raged over Paris." Within a few days one almost as severe has passed over the French capital.

All over our own country the disturbance of the elements has prevailed. Wind and water have united in their fearful work. Now they sweep away whole villages in Michigan or Mississippi. Next they drive the summer visitors from the roofless hotels of the Jersey shore. Sometimes they threaten St. Louis with inundations, or pour a tidal wave into Chicago, or cover Charleston with dismay. The recent fate of a flourishing town in Ohio seems the most disastrous of all. Yet fearful as have been these storms of a few years past, they have never equalled the violence and wide-spread ruin of those related in history.

One of the earliest is described by Petrarch. He was at Naples, when suddenly, on the night of November 25, 1343, a tempest rose from the sea, and broke upon the city. The houses shook to their foundations; the harbor was covered with wrecks. The thunder roared, the lightning flashed incessantly, and when morning came the raging waves were seen overturning houses and dashing ships helpless on the shore. "At sea," says Petrarch, "no ship escaped the fury of the tempest; all in the harbor but one sank before our eyes, and every soul on board perished."

Another great storm passed over northern Italy in 1456. "On the 24th of August," says Machiavelli, "about an hour before daybreak, a whirlwind crossed Italy from east to west. It was accompanied by thick clouds and the most impenetrable darkness." It burst; its fierce elements were engaged in a dreadful contest. Sometimes they rose to heaven, and then descended to the earth. The end of all things seemed at hand. The country lost all its habitable character where the tempest passed. Churches and dwellings were laid in heaps of ruins. The air was filled with the cries of those who had lost friends and kindred in the awful desolation. Anguish or pity filled every breast. Fortunately the storm struck no important city, or it might have razed it to the ground. It passed within eight miles of Florence, and reached the sea near Pisa.

England has been constantly swept by destructive storms of wind and rain. The early monkish chronicles are full of them. But the most disastrous of all was the storm of 1703, sung by Addison and recorded by the aged Evelyn. Thousands of lives were lost; the coast was strewn with the wrecks of the finest ships of the time. London was half dismantled of roofs and chimneys, and immense numbers of oaks that had stood for centuries were torn up by the roots and lay prostrate on the ground. "Pale Britannia," Addison tells us, trembled; and Evelyn relates that "many houses were demolished and people killed." His own losses, he says, were "tragical," and not to be described. He laments his trees. But the most fatal to trees and plantations in England was the storm of October, 1881. It is estimated that in one district 30,000 or 40,000 trees were blown down. Great clumps of oak that had seemed as solid as the castles around them were torn up by the roots.

Yet it is a satisfaction to know that the rage of wind and storm is not beyond control. We have as yet no perfect means for measuring the force and swiftness of the wind. But we know at least that some common precautions will save our dwellings from the ravages of the storm. We know the relative power of the wind. In a cyclone that swept over the Atlantic Highlands a few years ago, it was only the houses slightly built that were carried into the bay. In Michigan, at nearly the same time, a cyclone tore down houses, or sent them with all their contents sailing through the air. But they were all of slight construction.

The troglodyte on the Scythian plains escaped the violence of the winds by digging his house below the surface of the earth. The Parthenon has resisted for two thousand years the tempests of the East. The lesson of every cyclone is that houses and cities should be built to defy the storm. It is better to imitate the Greek rather than the Scythian; and among the inventions of the future science may measure and provide against the violence of the winds and tame them.

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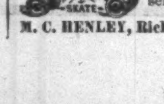

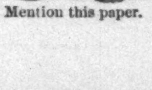

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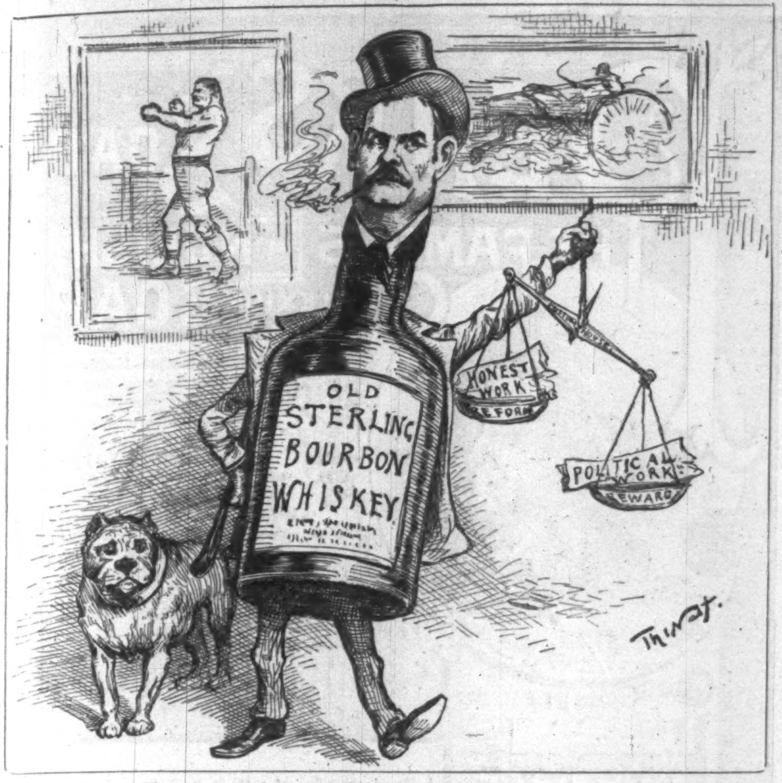

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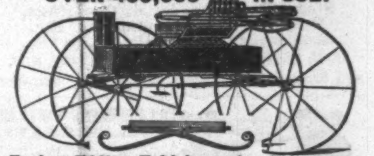

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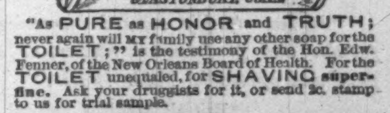

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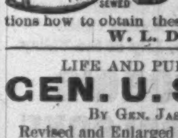

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